

THE  
CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

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Vol. XIII.

APRIL, 1808.

No. IV.

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ART. I.—*Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the Year 1807. Part II.*

Art. 7.—*On Fairy Rings. By W. H. Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S.*—Nothing has puzzled inquisitive observers of nature, more than this common appearance of circles of dark-green grass, frequently observed in old pastures; and some philosophers of no small note have despaired of establishing a rational theory concerning their production. But Dr. Withering threw out a conjecture on the subject, which appears to be founded in truth; and Dr. Wollaston has, in the paper before us, confirmed this conjecture, and corrected some errors into which the doctor has fallen. ‘I am satisfied,’ said Dr. Withering, ‘that the bare and brown or highly clothed and verdant circles in pasture fields, called fairy-rings, are caused by the growth of this agaric.’ (the *ag. orcares* of his arrangement). Dr. Wollaston has observed that these rings are formed by the growth not of this agaric only, but by that of the common mushroom (*ag. campestris*), by that of the *ag. terreus*, *ag. procerus*, and the *tycoperdon bovista*. In the case of mushrooms, he found them solely at the exterior margin of the dark ring of grass. From their position he was led to conjecture, that progressive increase from a central point was the mode of formation of the ring. In a word, it appears that the soil which has once contributed to the support of these fungi, becomes incapable of producing a second crop of this class of vegetables. Hence the second year’s crop will appear in a small ring surrounding the original centre of vegetation; and in each succeeding year, the defect of nutriment on one side, would cause the new roots to extend themselves solely in the opposite direction, and would occasion the circle of fungi to

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enlarge annually from the original central point outwards. The soil of the interior circle would be enriched by the decayed roots of the fungi of the former year, which would make the grass on this circle grow with great luxuriance.

In further proof of the truth of this theory, Dr. W. observes,

‘Whenever two adjacent circles are found to interfere, they not only do not cross each other, but both circles are invariably obliterated between the points of contact: at least in more than twenty cases, I have seen no instance to the contrary. The exhaustion occasioned by each, obstructs the progress of the other, and both are starved.’

This obliteration takes place, though the fungi of the separate circles are of different species: which makes it probable that they require the same kind of nutriment. However Dr. W. has not observed more than one example of this interference.

Upon the whole this account of a common and puzzling appearance is very satisfactory.

*Art. 8. Observations on the Structure of the Stomachs of different Animals, with a View to elucidate the Process of converting Animal and Vegetable Substances into Chyle. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.*—Mr. Home has discovered, or believes that he has discovered, a new mode of action of the stomach during the process of digestion. He remarks, and with much truth, that to observe the real form of the stomach, it must be seen recently after death: it ought not to be in a distended state at the time of the death of the animal, for in that case the air which is let loose puts its fibres on the stretch; and which is the reverse of what takes place in the voluntary muscles, death destroys the rigidity of the muscular fibres, so that they become easily elongated, even when much shortened at the moment of dissolution.

There is one animal (the water rat) whose stomach is made up of two cavities, with a narrow communication; so that the cardiac and the pyloric portions are nearly two distinct bags, the first has a cuticular, the second a membranous lining. Distinct processes are therefore carried on in these separate portions of the stomach; but it is in the second that chylification is completed. What is effected in this animal by a distinct and evident structure, is effected in others by the action of the muscular fibres of the stomach. We shall transcribe what Mr. Home says of the human stomach.

‘The human stomach is divided into a cardiac and pyloric portion by a muscular contraction similar to those of other animals;

and as this circumstance has not before been taken notice of, it may be necessary to be more particular in describing it.

'The first instance, in which this muscular contraction was in a woman, who died in consequence of being burnt. She had been unable to take much nourishment for several days previous to her death. The stomach was found empty, and was taken out of the body at a very early period after death. It was carefully inverted to expose its internal surface, and gently distended with air. The appearance it put on has been already described. The contraction was so permanent, that after the stomach had been kept in water for several days in an inverted state, and at different times distended with air, the appearance was not altogether destroyed.

'Since that time, I have taken every opportunity of examining the stomach recently after death, and find that this contraction in a greater or *lesser* (less) degree is very generally met with. The appearance which it puts on varies: sometimes it resembles that of the ass, so that this effect is not produced by a particular band of muscular fibres, but arises from the muscular coat in the middle portion of the stomach being thrown into action: and this for a greater or less extent according to circumstances. When this part of the stomach is examined by dissection, the muscular fibres are not to be distinguished from the rest.

'If the body is examined so late as twenty-four hours after death this appearance is rarely met with, which accounts for its not having before been particularly noticed.'

Mr. Home has examined the stomachs of a great variety of animals, with a view principally to illustrate this action of the stomach, and has given plates of many of them. They are represented inverted and moderately distended. Those represented by engraving are, the gizzard of the turkey; the stomachs of the cod fish; the hare; the rabbit; the beaver; the dormouse; the ass; the kangaroo; the hog; the elephant; the cormorant; the man; the vampyre; the long-eared bat; the lynx; the hawk; the viper; the turtle; the frog; and the blue shark. These are delineated on nine plates; and whatever difference of opinion may be entertained on the value of Mr. Home's speculations, all must agree that they form an useful addition to our stock of information on the subject of comparative anatomy.

The stomach of the kangaroo is curious, and very different from that of any other animal. It is not a simple bag, it resembles more the human cœcum and colon, than any stomach. The œsophagus enters it near its left extremity, from thence it extends towards the right side; then passes upwards, makes a turn upon itself, crosses over to the left side before the œsophagus, and again crosses the abdomen towards the right: thus it makes a complete circle round the point at which the œsophagus enters.

Mr. Home considers the human stomach as forming the uniting link between those of animals, which are fitted only to digest vegetable substances, and those that are entirely carnivorous. But he acknowledges, not very consistently we think, that its internal structure is in every material respect similar to that of the monkey and the squirrel, animals which subsist entirely on vegetables; it is, also, exactly similar to that of some carnivorous animals. We think that the just conclusion from these facts is, that nothing can be concluded regarding the nature of the food adapted to any animal from observation of the stomach only. We regard the structure of the teeth and the intestine as better adapted to illustrate this point.

Having completed his anatomical descriptions, Mr. Home takes a view of the mode of digestion in the various classes of animals. He begins with ruminatists, the nature of whose food requires a very complicated apparatus; thence he passes on to those in which the process is more simple, though the material of their food is still vegetable; afterwards he examines those that live solely on animal matter. He regards it as universal, that the solution of the food takes place in the cardiac portion of the stomach; but complete digestion, that is to say, the conversion of food into chyle, is performed in the pyloric portion of this organ. As the motions of this organ, and the transmission of its contents from one extremity to another, is made with extreme slowness, we think it highly probable that this view is correct.

Mr. Home, at the end of his paper, has enumerated the conclusions which he thinks result from the facts he has stated. They are not very important, nor free from defect. 'In converting animal and vegetable substances,' he remarks, 'into chyle, the food is first intimately mixed with the general secretions of the stomach.' This is wholly neglecting the action of the saliva, a most important secretion, and one which is probably essential to this process. 'The great strength of the muscles of the pyloric portion of some stomachs,' he adds, 'will, by their action, compress the contents, and separate the chyle from the indigestible part of the food.' This, we confess, is to us inconceivable. We are much more disposed to attribute this separation to a specific attraction between the chyle and the intestinal membranes.

Art. 9.—*Experiments for Investigating the Cause of the coloured Concentric Rings, discovered by Sir Isaac Newton between two Object Glasses laid upon one another.* By William Herschel, L.L.D. F.R.S.—The phænomena which are here described, and of which Dr. Herschel has undertaken to explain the nature, are among the most beautiful



of optical appearances, and at the same time of the most difficult investigation. If Sir Isaac Newton has given an unfounded theory of the production of these colours, it cannot occasion much surprize, since he was but partially acquainted with the facts. In this paper Dr. Herschel has given a very full and distinct account of all the circumstances connected with the production of coloured rings, by the application and near approach of reflecting and refracting surfaces of a proper curvature. The theory which he has been induced to form is reserved principally for a second communication. In this, however, are contained his reasons for rejecting the Newtonian hypothesis; and a slight insight is afforded of an explication, which, in the opinion of the learned author, accords more perfectly with the phenomena.

The original observation of Sir Isaac Newton was very simple. By applying two prisms with considerable force, he observed that where they were in perfect contact, the light passed through both prisms, so that they were absolutely transparent. But where they were not in perfect contact, in certain inclinations of the incident light, slender cochoidal arcs of colours began to form round the spot of perfect contact; and by changing the inclination still more, these arcs of colours became concentric rings, variously coloured: the order of the colours was (roughly speaking) prismatic. Two lenses pressed together gave similar rings of colours; these rings might be seen either by reflection or by transmission: but the order in the colours of the rings seen by reflection is the reverse of those which are seen by transmission. Our present knowledge of these appearances seems to have extended little further on this curious subject than these observations of the illustrious author. In prosecuting a subject of avowed intricacy, Dr. Herschel has found it necessary to enter into great minuteness of detail, in order to develope with precision the consequences to be deduced from the experiments.

Concentric rings may be seen by reflection, by a great variety of combinations of surfaces; a convex surface (as of a lens) may be applied to a plain surface, whether of glass or polished metal; the surfaces may be both convex; or the incumbent lens may have both its surfaces of any figure whatever, provided the radius of concavity, when concave lenses are laid upon the convex surface of glass or metal, is greater than that of the inferior convexity; the inferior surface may be similarly varied, so as to be plain, convex, or concave, under a similar limitation. And in general, 'whatever may be the radius of the concavity of the subjacent sur-

face, provided it be greater than that of the convexity of the incumbent glass; and whatever may be the figure of the upper surface of the lenses that are placed upon the former, there will be produced concentric rings. The figure of the lowest surface of the subjacent glass may also be varied at pleasure, and still concentric rings will be obtained.\* In general, also, whatever combination of glasses forms concentric rings, which may be seen by reflected light, will give rings likewise by transmitted light, if the eye be placed in a proper position to receive it; or if the rays, instead of being received upon the superior lens, are reflected through the inferior glass first from a metalline mirror.

So far Dr. Herschel's observations nearly coincide with the Newtonian. But by a little artifice a second set of rings may be discovered, so near the former, that many of the rings of one set intersect some of the other. This is done simply by bringing the shadow of a penknife over the primary set; but those who wish to know the peculiar artifices necessary to this effect, must consult the paper itself. We must content ourselves with saying, that under the same circumstances which form one set of rings, a second set may, with the assistance of a very simple artifice, be always discovered. These rings are dependent one upon the other. By placing a slip of glass between two lenses of different focal lengths, two primary and independent sets of rings of different diameters may be formed. If one of the lenses be made to change its position, one of these rings may be made to move whilst the other continues at rest, so that they are evidently formed by distinct surfaces. Also, by putting additional slips of glass under a lens, three or more sets of rings may be formed: but these are merely the effects of reiterated reflections.

The diameter of these rings depends on the radius of the curvature of the surfaces between which they are formed; when two curves, however, are concerned, it is the application of them to each other, which determines the size of the ring. Pressure enlarges the diameters of the rings, so that, as Sir Isaac Newton observed, by this action 'there is a yielding inward of the parts of the glasses.' The number of concentric rings is considerable. In the primary set six, nine, or ten may be conveniently seen; and in favourable situations twenty may be sometimes counted.

The effects of pressure on the colour of the rings is so striking, that we shall describe it in Dr. Herschel's words:

\* When a double convex object glass of 14 or 15 feet focus, is laid on a plain slip of glass, the first colours that make their faintest

appearance, will be red surrounded by green; the smallest pressure will turn the centre into green surrounded by red: an additional pressure will give a red centre again, and so on till there have been so many successive alterations, as to give us six or seven times a red centre, after which the greatest pressure will only produce a very large black one surrounded by white.

When the rings are seen by transmission, the colours are in the same manner subject to a gradual alternate change, occasioned by pressure; but when that is carried to its full extent, the centre of the rings will be a large white spot, surrounded by black.

When the rings are produced by curves of a very short radius, and the incumbent lens is in full contact with the slip of glass, they will be alternately black and white; but by lessening the contact, I have seen even with a double convex lens of no more than two tenths of an inch focus, the centre of the rings, white, red, green, yellow, and black at pleasure.

The arrangement of the colours in each compound ring, whether seen by reflection, or by transmission, is that the most refrangible rays are nearest the centre. When the colours are perfectly distinct, all the primary colours may be seen in the order of their refrangibility; in some circumstances they become concentrated, so that some vanish before others, but the order of those which remain is preserved; and in the second, third and fourth sets the same arrangement is preserved. This is true of the rings which are independent of each other. But in those which are dependent and seen at the same time it is different. If the centre of the primary set is black, that of the secondary will be white and *vice versâ*; if the centre of the primary ring is coloured, that of the secondary is so too, but reversely; if the one is red, the second will be green, and *vice versâ*. All the secondary sets are similar to each other, and alternate to the primary set.

The colours of the rings depend much on the forms of the glasses which are used. Very small lenses when in full contact give only black and white circles: by taking those of a longer focus the colours are successively drawn out. With a double convex lens of 4 inches the outward rings will begin to assume a faint red colour. The appearance will increase with lenses of five, six, and seven inches focus; and using still larger till we come to sixteen, eighteen, or twenty inches, green rings will gradually make their appearance.

A lens of twenty-six inches not only shews black, white, red, and green rings, but the central black begins to incline to violet, indigo, or blue. With one of thirty-four, the white about the dark center shows a kind of grey inclining to yel-

low. After noting some other transitions Dr. Herschel concludes:

‘ When the 122 feet Huygenian glass is laid on a plain slip, and well settled upon it, the central colour is then sufficiently dilated to show that the dark spot, which in small lenses, when concentrated, had the appearance of black, is now drawn out into violet, indigo, and blue, with little admixture of green; and that the white ring, which used to be about the central spot, is turned partly green with a surrounding yellow, orange, and red-coloured space or ring; by which means we seem to have a fair analysis of our former compound black and white center.’

One other curious phenomenon remains to be noticed. It is, that in each set a complete change may be suddenly made, both of the colours of the center, and of those of all the rings in each set, by means of the shadow of a penknife or other slender body. Dr. Herschel describes this agreeable appearance, which seems like a magical illusion, in the following words:

‘ To view this phenomenon properly, let a sixteen-inch double convex lens be laid upon a piece of looking-glass, and when the contact between them has been made, to give the primary set with a black center, that of the secondary will be white. To keep the lens in this contact, a pretty heavy plate of lead, with a circular hole in it of nearly the diameter of the lens, should be laid upon it. The margin of the hole must be tapering, that no obstruction may be made to either the incident or reflected light. When this is properly arranged bring the third\* shadow of the penknife upon the primary set, which is that towards the light. The real colours of this and the secondary set will then be seen to the greatest advantage. When the third shadow is advanced till it covers the second set, the second shadow will at the same time fall upon the first set, and the colours of the centers, and of all the rings in both sets, will undergo a sudden transformation from black to white and white to black.

‘ The alternation of the colour is accompanied with a change of sides; for as the white rings before the change were of a different diameter from the black ones, these latter having now assumed a black colour, will be of a different size from the former black ones.’

These appearances, however puzzling at first sight, Dr.

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\* If a penknife be held in the light over a system of glasses, each surface will have a separate shadow. By the third shadow Dr. H. understands that formed on the third surface; by the second, that formed on the second. The uppermost surface is the first.

Herschel has explained in a manner that is perfectly clear and satisfactory. It must be assumed that the rings formed by light, *immediately* reflected from the surfaces where the rings are formed, and those formed by light *immediately* transmitted from the same surfaces, have alternate colours: this appears to be experimentally true, though the reason of it has not been hitherto explained. Now Dr. H. by tracing the course of the rays, has shown that when the shadow of the penknife falls upon one set, the other is immediately brought into view, and with much greater brightness and distinctness. The transformation then is not real but apparent. The primary set formed by reflection is that commonly seen, and by its superior brightness conceals that formed by transmission of rays, which have undergone a previous reflection from the inferior surface of the glass; when the rays, therefore, which compose the set formed by reflection are intercepted the set formed by transmission is (as we have said) brought into view.

Dr. Herschel says, that the place of the primary set (or that formed by reflection) is different from that of the secondary set (or that formed by transmission). We cannot but feel much diffidence in giving an opinion contrary to the doctor's, on a point on which he must have bestowed so much thought; but we confess that to us it appears from the construction of his own figures, that there must be one primary and secondary set formed exactly in the same spot with their centers, exactly at the point of contact of the lens and the inferior surface. Perhaps the rings themselves may occupy each its proper surface of the two, which are essential to their formation. Certainly the doctor's method of determining the place of the secondary set is insufficient for the purpose. He puts a lens upon a slip of glass; the glass is placed on a metalline mirror, with one edge raised by a very thin bit of wood; then he introduces a strip of black card, both under the place where he supposes the secondary set to be formed, and also wherever the rays which form it issue. Now for this experiment to be perfect, we think it evident, that the black slip of card should be placed over the supposed seat of the ring, whilst the origin of the rays should have remained uncovered.

These are the principal and most curious properties of these rings, as detailed by Dr. Herschel: some we must omit as less important and difficult of comprehension, without the aid of diagrams. Dr. H. has taken considerable pains to show, that the only surfaces which are directly instrumental in the production of the rings, are the two which are in immediate contact. Perhaps this position hardly required proof; since Sir Isaac Newton first observed them



by pressing together two prisms, which would not admit of a compleat and perfect contact; and in this case no one would for a moment suspect that the other sides of the prism did any thing more than transmit the light to the contiguous surfaces. The results of the doctor's experiments to determine the same point, are expressed in the following four propositions.

'1st, That only two of them (*the surfaces*) are essential to the formation of concentric rings.

'2d, That these two must be of a certain regular construction, and so as to form a central contact.

'3d, That the rays from the one side or the other, must either pass through the point of contact, or through one of the surfaces, about the same point to the other, to be reflected from it.

'4th, And, that in all those cases a set of rings may be formed, having their common center in the place where the two surfaces touch each other.'

Before attempting to give an account of the physical causes of these phenomena, Dr. Herschel shews, that the theory advanced by Sir Isaac Newton, is inadequate to the purpose, and at variance with some of the facts. Sir Isaac assumed that there were fits of easy reflection and easy transmission of some of the rays of light regulated by the thickness of the reflecting and transmitting medium; and it must be confessed that this hypothesis agrees wonderfully well with a number of the facts. But in the first place, the rings are formed by placing a convex lens on a plain metal-line mirror; in which case there can be no transmission of rays. Secondly, Dr. Herschel has shewn very clearly, that if the rays of light are transmitted through thin plates of air of various thickness, previous to the formation of the rings, the shape and colour of the rings is not in the least altered or affected by the various thicknesses of the thin plates of air; the same is likewise true when the rings are formed by transmission through thin plates of glass, which, in like manner, vary in their thickness. But more than this, rings may be formed without the assistance of any thin plates either of glass or of air. We shall give Dr. Herschel's mode of performing this simple and beautiful experiment in his own words:

'I placed a highly polished seven feet mirror, but of metal instead of glass, that I might not have two surfaces, at the distance of fourteen feet from a white screen, and through a hole in the middle of it, one-tenth of an inch in diameter, I admitted a beam of the sun into my dark room, directed, so as to fall perpendicularly

on the mirror. In this arrangement, the whole skreen remained perfectly free from light, because the focus of all the rays, which came to the mirror, was, by reflection, thrown back into the hole through which they entered. When all was duly prepared, I made an assistant throw some hair powder, with a puff, into the beam of light, while I kept my attention fixed upon the skreen. As soon as the hair-powder reached the beam of light, the skreen was suddenly covered with the most beautiful arrangement of concentric circles, displaying all the brilliant colours of the rainbow. A great variety, in the size of the rings, was obtained, by making the assistant strew the powder into the beam at a greater distance from the mirror; for the rings contract by an increase of the distance, and dilate on a nearer approach of the powder.

‘This experiment is so simple, and points out the general causes of the rings, which are here produced in so plain a manner, that, we may confidently say, they arrive from the reflection of the rays of light on the particles of the floating powder, modified by the curvature of the reflecting surface of the mirror.’

We wait with much impatience for the conclusion of this elaborate and interesting paper.

Art. 10.—*On the Economy of Bees. In a Letter from Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. to the Right Honourable Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K.B. F.R.S.*—The experiments on trees, which Mr. Knight has so successfully prosecuted for a series of years, by confining him much to one spot, has brought him acquainted with some interesting circumstances in the economy of bees, which have escaped the notice of former writers.

It has been supposed, that each swarm remains at all times wholly unconnected with other colonies in the vicinity. But this Mr. Knight has discovered to be an error. He has observed more than once some bees passing from one hive to another at a considerable distance; there was, during this time, much agitation to be observed in each hive. In one case he observed, that the tenth morning their friendship ended, as sudden and violent friendships often do, in a quarrel; and they fought most furiously; and after this there was no more visiting. Mr. K. has some reason to believe, that this kind of intercourse not unfrequently ends in a junction of the two swarms; having remarked one instance, in which the labouring bees, under circumstances entirely similar to those related, wholly disappeared, leaving the drones in peaceable possession of the hive, but without any thing to live upon. It is probable, when two swarms have agreed to unite, that the one which proposes to remove immediately or soon after, unites with the other swarm, and returns to the deserted hive, during the day only, to carry off the honey.

Mr. Knight examined a hive at night, from which he suspected the bees to be migrating, and he found it without a single inhabitant. There was much honey left in this hive without any guards to defend it; but there can be no doubt, that had it been left till the day following, the bees would have returned to bring it away.

Swarms of bees will often take possession of the cavities in old trees, which had been occupied by former swarms. Mr. Knight has observed, that about a fortnight previous to the arrival of a swarm, a small number varying from twenty to fifty, were every day employed in examining the cavity and the external parts of the tree, and every dead knot in particular, with the most minute attention. These seem therefore to be an advanced guard of the colony which is about to migrate; and they have been observed to select with the greatest propriety, out of several cavities, that which is best adapted to their use. When the swarm goes to take possession of their new habitation, they have been observed to deviate very little from the shortest road: it is therefore probable that those former purveyors now act as guides. Instances have occurred to Mr. K. in which a swarm was received into a cavity, of which another swarm had previous possession, and it has twice fallen under his eye to observe, that the second colony has been received as friends, without the slightest opposition. As these bees are known to be most jealous and tenacious of their property, he infers with much appearance of probability, that some previous intercourse must have taken place between the two swarms, and that those in possession of the cavity were not unacquainted with the intention of the new comers.

A swarm never issues from the parent hive without having first selected a place to retire to; and where trees with proper cavities are to be found, they will discover them in the closest recesses of the woods, and at an extraordinary distance from their hives. When therefore they settle first in some exposed situation, as on a neighbouring bush or tree, it is with a view to collect their numbers, previous to their intended migration. When they are about to swarm, a small number of them may always be observed to have taken possession of the cavity of a tree; but when they obtain a hive at home, the tree becomes deserted.

It has been observed by Mr. John Hunter that the substance of which they make their combs is not carried on their thighs, but only the farina of plants, with which they feed their young. But Mr. Knight has found that they will carry other substances in the same manner. He has seen them take off and carry in this manner, a mixture of wax

and turpentine, with which he had covered the decorticated part of trees; and which they used to attach the hive to the board on which it was placed.

Mr. Hunter conceived, likewise, bees wax to be an animal substance, which exudes between the scales of the belly of the insect. This opinion Mr. Knight controverts, but with becoming deference to the authority of so able and industrious a physiologist. Wax, he remarks, is found in the vegetable world; and he has observed the bees employed in detaching something from the bases of the leaves of plants with their forceps, which they did not deposit on their thighs, as they do the farina of plants. Besides the wax is found to vary in its qualities with the seasons: the combs of very late swarms, being often thin, and white, and brittle. These circumstances undoubtedly favour the hypothesis of its being a vegetable production. However, all arguments drawn from analogy and probability must be regarded as fallacious, if unsupported by direct experiment. If those related by Haber are correct, there can be no doubt, that Mr. Hunter's opinion is just. These show that neither the leaves, according to the idea of Mr. Knight, nor the pollen of plants, as has been very commonly supposed, is the source of bees wax, but that it is formed from their saccharine food undergoing a change in the body of the insect. Mr. Knight may see an account of these experiments in the ninth volume of Nicholson's Journal.

Mr. Knight whilst admiring the sagacity of these curious insects seems not disposed to admit them the use of the instruments, which in man are absolutely essential to the communication of knowledge. 'They appear,' he observes, 'to be wholly incapable of transmitting to each other any ideas they have received from the impression of external objects.' The facts seem to prove the direct reverse. But it is not worth while to enter into a contest, which it is impossible to bring to any determinate issue. The wise and pious man will content himself with recognising the wisdom and the energy of the universal mind, which so obviously pervades the whole of animated nature.

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ART. II.—*Lives of British Statesmen.* By John Macdiarmid, Esq. Author of an Inquiry into the System of National Defence in Great Britain, and of an Inquiry into the Principle of Subordination. 4to. Longman. 2l. 2s. 1807.

THE British statesmen whose lives are presented to the public in this splendid volume are four in number;—Sir

Thomas More; William Cecil, Lord Burleigh; Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. These great statesmen flourished in the reigns of Henry VIII., of Elizabeth, of Charles I. and Charles II.; and as they all acted a distinguished part in the political affairs of the times in which they lived, their lives will furnish some connected and characteristic details of the history of this country for the space of near two centuries. Thus they will be found to unite the interest of general history with the charm of private biography. The scene, into which we are introduced, is at once both public and private, and while we see in a very pleasing light some of the most important events which took place on the great theatre of politics, we behold their relation to the domestic comfort, the personal enjoyment, and the kindred ties of the persons whose actions and fortunes, whose virtues and vices, are portrayed. The public events which are narrated are thus identified with the fate of an individual; and, by a judicious management of his materials, the writer may give to this composition what is so rarely to be found in more general history, a unity of interest. It is a drama, in which one prominent character engrosses the attention; and the charm attached to which is heightened by all the circumstantial varieties and subordinate occurrences of the piece. In the lives of public men, as we have often had occasion to remark, the individual is too commonly lost sight of in the extraneous matter which is introduced; and the interest is either interrupted or impaired by a complex diversity of occurrences in which the hero of the piece had no participation. But Mr. Macdiarmid has seldom been guilty of thus violating the principle of good taste, or of suffering the individuals who are the objects of his biography to disappear in a multiplicity of superfluous digressions. In his narrative we remark perspicuity of style and a judicious selection of particulars, a mind imbued with the spirit of philosophy and hallowed by the veneration of truth. According to the plan which we usually pursue, we shall condense into one view some of the prominent features of each life, that our readers may form an acquaintance with the personages themselves; and those who wish to obtain a more familiar intimacy with characters of such distinguished ability, will probably be induced to consult the book itself.

Thomas More was born in Milk-street, London, in 1480. His father Sir John More was one of the judges of the court of King's Bench. After receiving the first rudiments of



education at a free grammar-school in Threadneedle-street, he was placed in the family of Cardinal Morton. At that period it was usual with persons even in liberal circumstances to place their children in the families of the great; where they were often content to practise what would now be considered the most menial employs. But such was then the readiest way to fortune, to honour and to power; and what are the humiliations to which such hopes will not easily reconcile the candidate? Cardinal Morton had sagacity to discern the genius of More. 'This child here waiting at table,' he would say, 'whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man.' In 1497 More was sent to Oxford, at the instance of the Cardinal, where he attended the classical lectures of Grocyn and Linacre. In the elegant literature of Greece and Rome he soon made a great proficiency, notwithstanding the impediments which were placed in his way by the prudential considerations of his father, who kept his finances so low as to leave him almost destitute of resources for the prosecution of those studies which were most agreeable to his inclinations. But, where the mind is vigorously bent on any favourite object, the individual cannot readily be prevented from the attainment by accumulated difficulties. After having spent two years at Oxford he removed in 1499 first to New Inn and afterwards to Lincoln's Inn, in order to prosecute the study of the law. This study was rather the choice of his father than his own. For he had not only conceived an ardent attachment to polite literature, but what may seem strange, his mind had imbibed such a strong tincture of Romish superstition that he had adopted a course of rigid discipline in order to fit himself to become a member of the order of St. Francis. For this purpose he practised great severities of corporeal mortification, wore a hair-shirt next his skin, abridged the period of his sleep, lay on the bare ground with a log of wood under his head, and on particular days scourged himself with a knotted cord. But the dissuasions of his father and his own natural aversion to a life of celibacy made More abandon the design of embracing the ecclesiastical profession; and, notwithstanding the monastic severities which he practised, he did not neglect the study of the law nor the pursuits of elegant literature. He had not long made his appearance at the bar before he began to attract considerable notice. In 1503 he was elected a member of the house of commons, where he distinguished himself by his successful opposition to a large grant of money which Henry VIII. had required on account of the marriage of his eldest daughter with the king of Scotland. The avarice and the tyranny of Henry could not

readily brook this opposition to his will; and though More was fortunate enough not to incur the utmost severity of his vengeance, yet he found it prudent to live in retirement during the remainder of the reign. This interval appears to have been most profitably employed in the vigorous culture of his mind.

After the death of Henry, which happened six years afterwards he resumed the practice of his profession, in which the variety of his knowledge added to the richness and the force of his eloquence. In his conduct at the bar he evinced such scrupulous integrity that no pecuniary temptations could ever induce him to undertake a cause which he knew to be unjust. More attentive to the interests of humanity than to his own personal gains, his constant endeavour was to substitute the equitable forms of arbitration for the expensive processes of law. The poor, the destitute, and oppressed, he was always willing to defend without a fee. The constant hurry of business in which he was involved, did not render him negligent of his literary pursuits. It was in the most active period of his life that he published his *Utopia*; a philosophical romance in which many of the reflections evince a great superiority to the prejudices of the age in which he lived. It is not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding his superstitious attachment to many of the absurd practices of the church of Rome, More has in his imaginary commonwealth established a mode of worship so simple as to unite all sects in one bond of devotion to the Father of mankind. Though nearly three centuries have elapsed since the publication of this work, yet the establishment of a church founded only on the basis of reason and of charity remains to this day a grand desideratum in the moral and social institutions of mankind.

Amidst his numerous professional avocations More seldom failed to spend part of every day in the bosom of his family. Domestic endearments seem to have far exceeded the most dazzling splendors of ambition in his estimate of happiness. The purest bliss which he experienced was found in the circle of his family, where his unclouded serenity of temper, the unreserved gaiety of his disposition, and the varied sweets of his familiar converse rendered his absence, whenever it occurred, a subject of regret. To the education of his daughters More paid particular attention; for he wisely considered the culture of the female mind to be the best preservative against vice and dissipation. In the constant and diurnal intercourse of connubial life, that man has but little chance of happiness, whose wife possesses not the qualifications of an agreeable companion. At table, in order to prevent that improper

conversation which so often takes place before children and servants, he appointed one of his domestics to read some instructive and interesting book.

In 1518, owing to the repeated importunities of Henry, which he could no longer resist, More was very reluctantly drawn within the vortex of the court. He was first made master of requests; he was soon after created a knight and privy counsellor, and appointed treasurer of the exchequer. Henry was greatly delighted with the talents of More; and particularly with his conversation on theological subjects, in which the monarch was reckoned no mean adept. The book against Luther by which Henry acquired the title of *defender of the faith* was at least corrected and methodised by More. But what contributed, perhaps, in a still greater degree to fascinate the king was the gay and sprightly sallies, the shrewd remarks and the sparkling wit with which More could exhilarate every society into which he came. This soon rendered his company an indispensable requisite in all the parties of the king. But this constant attendance on the monarch, kept him much more than he wished from the bosom of his family; and he was obliged to put some constraint on his powers of amusement in order to diminish the importunate urgency for his participation in the festivities of his sovereign.

After holding the treasurership of the exchequer for three years, More was in 1523 chosen speaker of the house of commons; in which office, he exhibited the same invincible integrity as in every former situation. Here his conduct in not promoting an insolent demand of Wolsey for a large pecuniary grant, caused the latter to say 'would to God, you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you speaker.' More drily replied; 'Your grace not offended; so would I too; for then I should have seen an ancient and renowned city, which I have long desired to see.' After the fall of Wolsey, More was created chancellor in 1529. 'Although Wolsey had presided in the court of chancery with much ability, and as far as regarded himself, with unimpeached integrity; yet as he had the pitiful ambition to efface from the minds of men all recollection of his origin, by the excess of his pomp and arrogance, it was hardly possible for a person of common rank to procure even admittance without liberal bribes to his attendants. The conduct of More was in every thing except integrity the very reverse of Wolsey's; he took precautions that every one should have direct and immediate access to his court, but in proportion as a suitor was poorer, meaner, or more unprotected he was received

with more affability, his business heard with more attention and dispatched with more readiness.' Such was the unexampled diligence which Sir Thomas More displayed in performing the duties of this arduous office, that he had not held it more than two years before he had not only discharged the arrears of his predecessors, but had so far got before the business of the court, that, on determining a certain cause and calling for the next he was informed that *not one more was depending*. Such a circumstance had perhaps never occurred before since the institution of the court; and it does not seem likely soon to recur again. While he remained chancellor not one suitor could complain of the *lingering law's delay*. The integrity and disinterestedness of More became proverbial; and that integrity he wisely considered as the best fortune which he could leave his child. 'Though my father,' said the righteous judge, 'whom I love so dear stood on one side, and the devil, whom I hate so extremely, stood on the other, yet, if his cause were just, the devil should have his due.' The disinterestedness of More may be seen from this circumstance, that, when the clergy in convocation had resolved, as a mark of gratitude for the treatises which he had written in defence of the Romish faith, to present him with a gift of four or five thousand pounds, equal to thirty or forty thousand at the present day, he could not be brought to receive the generous grant, nor would he comply so far with the entreaties of the prelates as to suffer it to be offered to his family. The consciousness of acting right, the approbation of his Maker, and the secret satisfaction of his own heart were all the recompense which he sought; and the same disinterested virtue which he had practised himself he wished to be imitated by his progeny.

It is well known that the refusal of the Pope to consent to the dissolution of Henry's marriage with Catherine, and to ratify his union with Ann Boleyn, had finally produced, by successive aggravations of hostility, an open rupture between that monarch and the holy see. More, whose early impressions remained unaltered, and who did not of course approve the measures of Henry, had determined to take no part in the disputes. But as his high station of chancellor would have prevented him from remaining a silent spectator of the great events which were taking place he tendered the resignation of his office. This was with difficulty accepted; and More again retired to the state of privacy which he had originally quitted with regret. But as, instead of having saved any sum from the emoluments of his office, his liberality had rather impaired his private fortune, he was obliged to make a considerable reduction in his customary establish-

ment. What gave him most uneasiness was the necessity of dismissing to their own homes his daughters and their families, who had hitherto been supported under his roof, and of 'separating himself from that society in which the chief happiness of his life had hitherto consisted: Nor did his family bear the loss of wealth and splendour with that equanimity which might have alleviated every cause of regret. His wife, who was not more distinguished for her humility than her patience, loudly reproached him with the unaccountable whim of quitting a station of such honour and profit for poverty and insignificance.' But More preserved on this as well as on more trying occasions the cheerfulness of a philosopher and the resignation of a christian. Henry made several efforts to induce More to acquiesce in his views and to approve his recent innovations; but nothing could persuade him to express what he did not feel; nor to assent with his lips to what he condemned in his heart. Henry, irritated by what he deemed the obstinacy of his refusal, and at the same time instigated by the resentment of his queen, determined on proceeding to extremities against him. He was summoned before the council at Lambeth, and ordered to take the oath which acknowledged the king's ecclesiastical supremacy, while it asserted the illegality of his first marriage and the legality of his second. Cranmer the primate and Cromwell, secretary of state, both of whom highly esteemed and loved him, in vain endeavoured to overcome his scruples but More refused to take any oath which he could not conscientiously approve. Cranmer would gladly have modified the oath so as to meet his objections; but Henry resolved that More should either yield or perish; and he was immediately committed to the Tower. The last scene of his life was one grand display of resplendent virtue and unaffected heroism. His characteristic pleasantry never forsook him to the last. When the Lieutenant of the Tower, who had formerly received some obligations from his prisoner, apologized for the wretched accommodations which the displeasure of the king obliged him to bestow; 'Mr. Lieutenant,' said he, 'whenever I find fault with the entertainment you provide for me, do you turn me out of doors.' His beloved daughter Margaret, whose education had amply repaid his fondest cares, and who appears to have inherited his virtues and his genius, obtained at last by anxious importunity, permission to visit him in his confinement. That interview was in the highest degree affecting. They spent some time in devotion; a practice which they had not forgotten in happier days. More, ceasing to remember his own sufferings, made use of every argument to sooth his ago-



nizing child. While they were conversing, two priests, condemned for the same offence for which More was doomed to suffer, passed by to the place of execution. His daughter could not dissemble her grief; More said that they were now freed from the anxieties of life and were going to the fruition of that felicity which their constancy had deserved. After having been imprisoned in the Tower upwards of a year, he was in 1585 brought to trial for high treason; declared guilty without a particle of proof, and condemned to perish on the scaffold. On his return from Westminster Hall to the Tower, his favourite daughter Margaret, wishing to have a last interview with her beloved father, had stationed herself at the Tower wharf where he was to pass. When he appeared in sight with the axe, the emblem of condemnation, borne before him, she rushed in an agony of grief through the crowd and the guards who surrounded him, and clung round his neck in all the ardour of affection and all the anguish of despair. 'My father,' said she, 'oh! my father.' The spectators gazed in silence on this affecting scene; even the guard could not refrain from tears, while they gently drew her from the spot. On the scaffold More preserved his usual cheerfulness: and proved that there is something in a steady adherence to rectitude which can prevent any external circumstance from altering the serene complacency of the soul. 'Having spent a short time in devotion he took the napkin, with which his eyes were to be bound, and calmly performed that office for himself; then, laying his head on the block, he bade the executioner stay till he removed his beard; for it, said he, has committed no treason.'

The detailed account which we have given of Sir Thomas More, will oblige us to be rather more brief in our notice of the remaining lives. William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, was born at Bourne in Lincolnshire in 1520. At the age of fifteen he was removed to St. John's college Cambridge, where he was indefatigable in the pursuit of knowledge and the culture of his mind. In 1541, he went to study the law at Gray's Inn, where he did not display less industry than he had evinced at the university; nor can we doubt but that he would have rapidly risen to eminence in his profession, if one of those fortuitous occurrences, which often reverse the most deliberate plans of individuals, had not given a new turn to his views and different incitements to his ambition. Henry VIII. having accidentally heard of the ability which Cecil had displayed in a dispute with two Irish priests respecting the supremacy of the king, sent for him to court, and as no situation happened to be vacant, appointed him to the reversion of the *custos brevium* in the common pleas.—

In 1542, he married a daughter of Sir John Cheke. This alliance increased his influence, and accelerated his promotion; for Sir John introduced him to the notice of the Earl of Hertford, afterwards Duke of Somerset. On the accession of Edward V. to the throne in 1547, Cecil was made master of the requests and afterwards secretary of state. On the fall of Somerset, he was detained three months in the Tower when he was restored by the Duke of Northumberland to his former situation.—While the court of England teemed with cabals, which engrossed the attention of the other ministers, Cecil appears to have devoted himself to the faithful discharge of his official duties. To this circumstance may perhaps be ascribed the security which he enjoyed in the most critical times. The temperament of Cecil seems rather to have been one of frigid prudence than of ardent sensibility. On the death of Edward, he was too provident to support the title of the lady Jane, and retired from court; and though a friend to the reformation, he joined the party of Mary, who was known to be decidedly hostile to the recent innovations. During the whole reign of that bigoted woman, Cecil, though he never disguised his attachment to the protestant cause, seems to have excited the respect of his enemies without losing the confidence of his friends. Beholding the declining health of Mary, he zealously attached himself to Elizabeth, and maturely reflected on that plan of civil and ecclesiastical policy, which it would be most advisable to adopt on her elevation to the throne. Elizabeth no sooner grasped the sceptre on the death of her sister, than she rewarded the attentions of Cecil with the office of secretary of state; and indeed he must be regarded as her principal minister and most confidential adviser during the whole of her reign. His first endeavour was to induce her to restore the protestant worship and to prosecute the great work of the reformation which her father had begun, and which her brother was prevented from completing by his untimely death. But Elizabeth, who, though professedly a protestant, was from early prepossession attached to the dazzling splendour of the Romish rites, could with difficulty be brought to recede even to that small distance from the pale of the Romish communion which had been approved in the commencement of Edward the sixth's reign. Had Edward lived, there is little doubt that the reformation would have been carried by wary and prudential steps to much greater lengths; for even in the preface to one of the service books, published by authority, the framers observed, *that they had gone as far as they could, in reforming the church, considering the times they*

*lived in, and HOPED THAT THEY WHO CAME AFTER THEM WOULD, AS THEY MIGHT, DO MORE.* But Elizabeth instead of doing more, was rather anxious to undo part of what her brother had done; and the church of England, of which some of the original authors in the time of Edward VI. acknowledged the reformation to be incomplete, and hoped that it would be advanced by further improvements, remains to this day, to the disgrace of the clergy and the government, and to the great hindrance of true religion, in almost precisely the same imperfect state in which it was left in the reign of Elizabeth. Had the true protestant spirit, which produced the reformation, pervaded the English hierarchy in the succeeding reigns, we should at this moment have been in possession of a truly scriptural liturgy, founded on such a basis of universal charity as must have extinguished the present flame of sectarian animosity. 'The views of Elizabeth were far from coinciding with those of Cecil, in the extent of the projected reformation.' The 'cool and temperate mind' of Cecil, could probably discern the futility of those invidious distinctions, which make a line of separation between the different denominations of christians; but the queen was a stranger to the enlarged and enlightened tolerance of her minister. Elizabeth who was addicted to the forms of the old superstition, was more inclined to shew indulgence to the papists than to the non-conforming protestants. The severities which she exercised towards this class of her subjects, were in vain opposed by the intreaties of Cecil; who seems to have exerted more than his ordinary energy in his endeavours to repress the inquisitorial tyranny of the bishops, which was evidently favoured by the known inclinations, if not the express instructions, of the queen.

The good sense and wisdom of Cecil were very evident in his civil administration. No minister was more attached to economy at home and to peace abroad. He was used to say 'that he never cared to see the treasury swell like a disordered spleen when the other parts of the constitution were in a consumption.' In the present age the great reservoir of the treasury has been filled by emptying the pockets of the people; and that plethora of finance, of which Mr. Pitt made his boast, was produced by the emaciation of virtue and of industry. Cecil considered war as the great destroyer of the happiness and the wealth of nations; and these maxims which are equally humane and just were continually falling from his lips 'that war is soon kindled; but peace very hardly procured; that war is the curse, and peace the blessing

of God upon a nation; and that a nation gains more by one year's peace than by ten years war.' Happy would it have been for this country if our ministers during the last hundred years had been governed by these principles of policy, in which the greatest interest of states is identified with the highest considerations of morality.

In 1589 Cecil had the misfortune to lose his wife, to whom he had been tenderly attached for three and forty years;—this event, which he never ceased to remember with regret, cast a cloud of dejection over the remainder of his days. He survived this calamity nine years, and died in 1593, in the 78th year of his age, after having been prime minister of England during the long period of forty years. Cecil possessed all the qualifications of a consummate politician. His application to business was constant and intense. No temporary gratifications and no frivolous pursuits were suffered to interrupt the continuity of his attention to his official duties. Thus he was enabled to dispatch the great weight of business which fell to his share without hurry or confusion. It was his maxim, 'that the shortest way to do many things was to do only one thing at once.' Hence his diligence was not exerted by fits and intervals, but in regular succession, and in unbroken continuity. He finished whatever he undertook, and never committed the fatal error of running in arrears with business and with time. An eye-witness assures us that, during a period of twenty-four years, he never saw him idle for half an hour together. Next to his diligence, Mr. Macdiarmid celebrates his reserve, which did not consist in a vicious dissimulation, but in a resolute consistency in not disclosing what the interest of the state rendered it prudent to conceal. Moderation and self-command seem to have been so agreeable to his physical temperament, that they ought perhaps to be numbered rather among the gifts of nature than the acquisitions of habit. The restraint which he could impose on what in most men become the most ungovernable passions, the facility with which he conquered his resentments, combined with the apparent coldness which he evinced in his friendships, probably gave rise to the observation that 'he was a better enemy than a friend.' Cecil possessed sagacity to discern merit, and skill as well as virtue, in placing it in situations in which it might be most useful to his country. By his attention to fill the offices of the state with able men, the

'Treasurer,' says Mr. Macdiarmid, 'naturally incurred much obloquy from those whom his penetration caused him to neglect; and the hereditary nobles in particular, who seemed to think that offices

which they could not execute, as well as honours which they had not earned, should be entailed on themselves, expressed high displeasure at seeing a preference so frequently given to upstart commoners. But the extraordinary assemblage of able men, which composed Elizabeth's government, reflect equal lustre on her own good sense, and the sagacity of her adviser.'

The judgment of Cecil was not apt to receive any bias from his affections. At a period when mankind paid an unreasonable deference to the artificial superiority of rank, it redounded highly to his honour that, in the distribution of justice, he paid no regard to persons, and that the poor man had his suit as patiently heard and as speedily determined as the rich. In his private expences, Cecil seems to have observed the due and happy medium between avarice and prodigality. His establishment was proportioned to his income, and his hospitality was allied more to munificence than parsimony. But still his private affairs were managed with so much discretion that his expenditure never exceeded his income, and he left an ample fortune to his descendants. Cecil allowed himself but few intervals of recreation. 'The principal scene of his amusements was his favourite seat at Theobalds near London, where he was often seen riding up and down the walks on his little mule,' attending to the improvements which he had planned, 'or overlooking those who amused themselves by shooting with arrows, or playing at bowls;' but without participating in these or any other diversions. The weakness of his constitution would have incapacitated him for rural sports, even had they been agreeable to his taste; but his mind, wholly intent on important concerns, wanted not the diversified interests of little objects, to relieve the languor of existence:—his conversation is said to have been remarkable for its sprightliness; of which the effect must have been heightened by contrast with the general gravity of his demeanor. His temperance was as exemplary as his other qualities; he ate sparingly, and never drank to excess in an age which fixed no stigma on ebriety. His charities were diffusive, and the efficacy was increased by the judicious mode of the distribution. He scrupulously observed the religious forms of the establishment, but his piety appears to have been something more than a ritual offering of the lips. It was his solace and his stay; and, in short, England has altogether had few ministers, who have been at once more upright and more wise.

In writing the life and delineating the character of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Mr. Macdiarmid had a difficult and delicate task to perform; for few persons have been more



misrepresented by the exaggerated praise of their friends, or the unqualified abuse of their enemies. The truth appears to be between these opposite statements, and we think, that the author has executed this part of his performance with a degree of impartiality, which reflects honour on his intellect and his heart. Thomas Wentworth, whose ancestors possessed the manor of Wentworth in Yorkshire, before the conquest, was born in London, at the house of his maternal grandfather in Chancery-lane, in 1593. After pursuing his studies for some time at St. John's College, in Cambridge, he passed over to the continent, and spent more than a year in France. On his return from abroad he married Margaret Clifford, eldest daughter of the Earl of Cumberland; and by the death of his father, succeeded to a baronetcy, and an ample fortune. In 1621, Wentworth made his first appearance in parliament. Affairs were now gradually approaching that crisis which they reached in the following reign. During the life of James, Wentworth appears to have taken no very strenuous nor decided part against the court; but, in the first parliament of Charles, we find him among the most distinguished opposers of the government. Hence he appears to have been selected, among six of the most popular leaders, for the office of sheriff, in order to preclude his immediate readmission to parliament. Some overtures had, indeed, previous to this, been made to Wentworth, by the court; and, though the terms of reconciliation had not been adjusted, yet Charles does not seem to have ranked Wentworth among his most implacable opponents; for, on reading over the list of sheriffs, though the king passed the other names without notice, yet, when he came to that of Wentworth, he exclaimed, "*he is an honest gentleman.*" Before the period of his office had expired, new overtures were made to him by Buckingham, and received with evident complacency. But the fickleness of the latter frustrated the growing amity; and Wentworth, instead of the court favour, which he anticipated, was unexpectedly commanded to resign his office of *custos rotulorum*. In some letters, which Wentworth, after this, wrote to his friend Sir Richard Weston, chancellor of the exchequer, we have palpable proof of the great mortification which this event occasioned, and of his ardent (we will not call it patriotic) longing to be on good terms with the court. Yet soon after this we find him leagued with the most violent opposers of Charles's arbitrary exactions of money without consent of parliament. His friends, who were acquainted with his obsequious professions of service to the king, were not a little surprised at the apparent inconsistency of his conduct. But

Wentworth was a man who appears to have been governed by calculations of interest and ambition; and he, perhaps, thought that the total abolition of parliaments, which would have been the effect of an unlimited compliance with the despotic mandates of the king, would have precluded him from making the most of the talents he possessed. When Charles, baffled in his tyrannical projects by the determined resistance of the people, was constrained to call a new parliament, Wentworth, who was liberated from confinement, along with the other gentlemen who had resisted the unconstitutional extortions of the crown, was re-elected for the county of York. This parliament was opened with threats from the king, which were intended to work on the complaisance of the members; but which, fortunately, had the opposite effect. On this occasion Wentworth again took his place among the patriots. He promoted the petition of right, and advocated the popular cause, with an ability and eloquence in which future consistency only was wanting to excite the reverence and admiration of posterity. But the court no sooner made overtures, which were adapted at once to gratify his interest and ambition, than the sturdy demagogue degenerated into a pliant courtier; and he who had asserted the rights of the people now made every effort to extend the prerogative of the crown. The political apostacy of Wentworth was purchased by the boon of a peerage, and the presidency of the council of York, which exercised over the four northern counties the powers of the courts of common-law, the chancery, and even the star-chamber. By the assassination of Buckingham, which took place soon afterwards, Wentworth was relieved from an enemy whom reconciliation had not made a friend; and he was henceforth without a rival in the favour of his sovereign. As all apostates are anxious to prove the sincerity of their conversion by the violence of their conduct, and the excess of their servility, Charles found in Wentworth a very vigorous abettor of his arbitrary views. Indeed, some of his measures, as president of the council of York, which removed the northern counties entirely from the protection of the common law, were a tissue of injustice and of cruelty, which proves how much the possession of uncontrolled power is apt to pervert the understanding and vitiate the heart. Even the son of Lord Faulconberg was imprisoned for not pulling off his hat at a public meeting at which he was present. For some disrespectful mention of the council of York, and other circumstances equally trivial, he caused Sir David Foulis to pay a fine of eight thousand pounds, and to be imprisoned during pleasure. The next step of Wentworth's promotion was the govern-

ment of Ireland; where the principal object of his administration was to render the authority of the monarch absolute in that country in order to obtain the means for facilitating the same project in this. He appears to have been greatly elated with the success of his exertions to aggrandize the power of the crown in Ireland. In his dispatches he spoke of vexatious embarrassments, succeeded by an ample revenue; of importunate demands succeeded by an unlimited prerogative. He declared, that if his majesty was hereafter disappointed of any reasonable desire in Ireland, it might justly be laid to the charge of the deputy; '*for now, said he, the king is as absolute here as any prince in the whole world can be.*' As a reward of these services Wentworth petitioned the sovereign for an earldom; but very unexpectedly experienced a refusal. His majesty, though he knew that Wentworth had proceeded too far in the career of apostasy ever to recover the confidence of the party whom he had deserted, seems still to have harboured some jealousy of his former patriotism, and he was determined that he should render still farther benefit to the crown before remuneration put a stop to expectance or slackened his activity. One of Wentworth's next projects for gratifying the king, was to reduce the people of Ireland to a conformity in religion; and archbishop Laud in his favourite phraseology exhorted him '*to go thorough and thorough with the pious work.*' But many of his measures for the internal improvement of Ireland discovered great wisdom, and merit no common praise. To him Ireland is primarily indebted for the linen-manufacture, which has been carried to so much perfection, and attended with such important advantages to that country.

'When,' says Mr. Macdiarmid, 'Wentworth first undertook the government of that country, he learnt, from his inquiries into the state of the island, that no article for exportation was manufactured there, unless a small quantity of coarse woollen yarn. Unwilling, by encouraging this branch, to interfere with the staple of England, he formed the project of introducing the general cultivation of flax, and turning the attention of the natives to the manufacture of linen. At his own expence he imported and sowed a quantity of superior flax-seed; and, the crop succeeding to his expectations, he, next year, expended a thousand pounds for the same purpose, erected several looms, procured workmen from France and Flanders, and at length was enabled to ship for Spain, at his own risque, the first investment of linen ever exported from Ireland; exulting in the success of this favorite scheme, he foretold that it would prove the greatest means of enrichment which Ireland had ever enjoyed; and his sagacity is amply attested by the industry and wealth, which the

linen manufacture continues to diffuse over that portion of the empire.'

But though this measure merits every encomium, another, which he proposed but happily did not effect, calls for unqualified condemnation. We allude to his plan for establishing a monopoly of salt, in order to render the subject dependent on the crown for that necessary article, and thus to increase the passive submission of the people. Some of Wentworth's measures were indeed totally devoid either of justice or humanity. Among these we may reckon the trial of Lord Mountnorris, whom Wentworth caused to be condemned by a court martial composed of his own creatures, for no other offence than some petulant expressions of dissatisfaction, which he had inconsiderately uttered against the *deputy*. The barbarous atrocity of this act, caused the feeling of indignation to vibrate in the bosom of every person who was acquainted with the circumstances; and whatever harshness may seem to have been shewn in the trial of Wentworth, we are of opinion that, if his guilt had been confined only to this single act, he would amply have merited the fate which he experienced. He who shews no mercy to others cannot reasonably expect any mercy in his turn. To exult in the depression even of an enemy evinces a want of every amiable and magnanimous quality; but the exultation which Wentworth expressed, when Mountnorris was condemned, was moderated neither by prudence nor by decency. In 1636 Wentworth returned to England and was graciously received by the king; who nevertheless refused his second application for an earldom. Wentworth was sensibly mortified by this repulse; and indeed it must be owned that he had no reason to applaud the grateful reminiscence of kings. At the end of 1636 he repaired once more to his government in Ireland. It is curious to behold ambition confessing the frustration of its hopes and the vanity of its fondest pursuits. Even while exulting in the prosperous situation of his government Wentworth adds, '*yet I could possess myself with much more satisfaction and repose under my own roof, than all the preferment and power which the favour of the crown can communicate.*' But with fatal inconsistency he kept continually seeking some new accession of those distinctions of which he felt the precarious tenure and the trivial worth. In 1639 Wentworth visited England at the desire of Charles, who wanted his assistance and advice in the dangerous ferment which portended an approaching insurrection. In January 1640 he obtained this long-sought object of an earldom; which the king

could no longer withhold: and which Wentworth had purchased at a price which every friend to freedom and humanity will think too dear. In the November of the same year he was impeached of high treason; and though he had, as president of the council of York and as lord deputy of Ireland, been guilty of various acts of cruelty and oppression for which he deserved exemplary punishment, yet as no guilt, amounting to *high treason*, could be proved against him except by indirect implication, which in such cases ought never to be authorized, the sentence by which he suffered must be reprobated as unjust. The injustice of the sentence is what long served to efface the enormities of his administration; and to make him an object of tender compassion, who would otherwise have been regarded with abhorrence as an enemy to the liberties of his country. Wentworth ought certainly not to have been suffered to escape with impunity, but as his condemnation was illegal, the end of his punishment was in a great measure defeated by its inordinate severity. But if his judges violated the law in his condemnation, the king not only violated the law of the land but outraged every feeling of friendship, and every claim of gratitude in consenting to his execution. Strafford defended himself with impressive eloquence and died with heroic resolution. We cannot assent to the truth of one of the assertions which he uttered on the scaffold *that he loved parliaments*; for one of his great objects had been to enable the king to carry on the government without any parliamentary co-operation. The ruling passion of Strafford appears to have been ambition, which, if he had proceeded consistently in that channel of patriotism with which he first set out, would have rendered him one of the brightest and most revered names in English history. But, on deserting the popular party, his ambition which, from the beginning (as was seen in his repeated endeavours to mitigate the ill will and recover the favour of the insolent and despicable Buckingham) had never been disinterested, took a more selfish turn; and he seemed prepared to go any lengths to gratify the tyrannical propensities of the king in order to advance his own dishonourable ends. The servility with which he so often supplicated an earldom, shews how far even a great mind is apt to be dazzled by the frivolous distinctions of artificial superiority; but the rancour with which he prosecuted Lord Mountnorris, and the insolent triumph which he displayed over a fallen foe, are a reproach on his courage and humanity.

The life of Hyde, earl of Clarendon, is written with the same candour and ability as the rest. Hyde is one of those



characters which we contemplate with almost unmingled satisfaction. Throughout his life we behold an exemplary adherence to what he deemed the principle of rectitude; which instead of being altered by circumstances was the same in every situation. Though there was no very superior elevation in his mind, yet his talents were such as command respect. There was a dignified pride both in his manners and his conduct, which raised him above mean compliances and dishonest arts. In the midst of the most distressing poverty which he experienced during the usurpation of Cromwell he preserved an inflexible integrity. His religious and his political principles remained the same; though there were times when he was destitute of food, clothing and fire; and when he might have lessened his privations by only a feigned submission to the government of the protector. The pious serenity and the philosophic constancy which, in the hour of adversity, he practised himself and recommended to others, merit the highest commendation.

'Keep your spirits,' says he to secretary Nicholas, 'and take heed of sinking under a burden, which you never kneeled to take up. Our innocence begets our cheerfulness, and that again will be a means to secure the other. Whoever grows too weary and impatient of the condition he is in, will too patiently project to get out of it; and that by degrees, will shake or baffle, or delude his innocence. We have no reason to blush for the poverty which is not brought upon us by our own faults. As long as it pleases God to give one health, (which I thank him, I have in a good measure,) I shall think he intends that I shall outlive all these sufferings; and when he sends sickness, I shall (I hope with the same submission) believe that he intends to remove me from greater calamities.'

There is one instance in the life of Hyde in which we do not behold that scrupulous observance of principle which he evinced in the rest of his conduct. We allude to the countenance which he afforded to the attempts of Captain Sikes and others to assassinate the protector. He did not consider that no end can justify the use of immoral means. If we once, in any degree, permit a transgression of this rule, there are no atrocities, however cruel or unjust, of which the plea of utility and duty may not be invoked to excuse the perpetration. From the excesses which popular frenzy or democratic zeal had committed, during the revolution which had brought Charles the first to the scaffold, Hyde was, after the restoration, more anxious to increase the power of the crown than the liberty of the subject. The religious prejudices which he had imbibed in his youth, and which had been strengthened by his intimacy with Laud,

rendered him unfavourable to an extensive toleration. Indeed, in this respect he often discovered a bigoted attachment even to ecclesiastical forms, which, in a moral view, are matters of indifference; and which, in a political view, ought never to be retained when they are productive of scruples among the weak, and of animosity among the violent. An act of uniformity which Hyde procured to be passed, and which compelled all the clergy to express, by an oath, not only their unqualified assent to the doctrine of *passive obedience*, but their attachment to the revived ceremonies of the ring, the cross, the surplice, and the altar, is a reflection on the soundness of his judgment, and the liberality of his heart. To the lasting honour of the clergy, no less than two thousand of them abandoned their benefices rather than take an oath which they abhorred. Thus Hyde, perhaps undesignedly, became a persecutor. But in what errors is not even an honest and cultivated mind liable to be ensnared, which, in the speculations of theology, loses sight of common sense? The grave morality, and the sober admonitions of Hyde, soon became offensive to the licentious and unprincipled sovereign whom he had so faithfully served. With the declining favour of the monarch he saw an host of enemies arise, who were eager to precipitate his fall. In 1667 he was impeached of high treason; and though none of the offences with which he was charged amounted to that crime, yet the rage of party ran so strong against him, that he thought it prudent to withdraw from the storm, and retire into France. Here he passed seven years in exile; and endeavoured to elude the painful recollections and tender regrets which pressed upon his heart, by completing his *History of the Rebellion*, and by other literary occupations. After spending some time at Montpelier, he left the south of France, and fixed his residence at Rouen, where he in vain solicited permission from Charles to return and breathe his last in his native land. In 1674, and in the sixty-third year of his age, he was removed by the friendly hand of death to that region, where we trust that he will have no occasion to lament the ingratitude of kings.

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ART. III.—*Illustrations of Shakspeare, and of Ancient Manners: with Dissertations on the Clowns and Fools of Shakspeare; on the Collection of Popular Tales, entitled Gesta Romanorum; and on the English Morris Dance. By Francis Douce. 2 Vols. large 8vo. Longman. 1807.*

THAT illiberal cry has now ceased which was excited by the pert and prejudiced author of the *Pursuits of Literature*,

and echoed by so many wags of the same description against 'the black-letter dogs;' and men may safely indulge themselves in the very laudable pleasure of searching into the records of past times for the purpose of knowing how their ancestors thought and acted, without the danger of having their noses pulled as coxcombs, or finding all their observations answered with a shrug of the shoulders, as if they were no better than Bedlamites. The undeserved popularity of that most impudent publication secured, but for a very short time, the laugh on the side of folly and impertinence; and the world is now so well convinced of the obligations it lies under to that spirit of enquiry which it was the aim of its writer to turn to ridicule, that Mr. Douce might have entered the field in perfect safety without the short and sensible manifesto contained in his preface.

If, however, there do remain any malcontents, however few the number, of the pursuing tribe, their objections will never be more satisfactorily answered than in Mr. D.'s own words.

'With respect to what is often absurdly denominated *black-letter* learning, the taste which prevails in the present times for this sort of reading, wherever true scholarship and a laudable curiosity are found united, will afford the best reply to the hyper-criticisms and impotent sarcasms of those, who, having from indolence or ignorance neglected to cultivate so rich a field of knowledge, exert the whole of their endeavours to depreciate its value. Are the earlier labours of our countrymen, and especially the copious stores of information that enriched the long and flourishing reign of Elizabeth, to be rejected because they are recorded in a particular typography?

'Others again have complained of the redundancy of the commentators, and of an affected display of learning to explain terms and illustrate matters of obvious and easy comprehension. This may sometimes have been the case; but it were easier to show that too little, and not too much, has been attempted on many of these occasions. An eminent critic has declared 'that if every line of Shakespeare's plays were accompanied with a comment, every intelligent reader would be indebted to the industry of him who produced it.' Shakespeare indeed is not more obscure than contemporary writers; but he is certainly much better worth illustrating. The above objectors, affectedly zealous to detect the errors of other men, but more frequently betraying their own self-sufficiency and over-weening importance, seem to forget that comments and illustrations are designed for the more ignorant class of readers, who are always the most numerous; and that very few possess the happiness and advantage of being wise or learned.' Pref. p. x.

Perhaps we may not altogether agree in the latter part of these observations, thinking that most of the comments which have been written on Shakspeare are, upon the whole, less calculated for the instruction of the ignorant and unlearned (who will, in our opinion, be little the better for them) than for the information, amusement, and rational gratification of more cultivated minds; for no curiosity can be more honest, and no satisfaction more consistent with good sense, than that which leads to, and is derived from, the knowledge of mankind in former ages; and by no means can that knowledge be so satisfactorily attained as by the investigation of those minute points of character and manners which form the most worthy objects of investigation to Shakspeare's commentators. For the attainment of this end, indeed, it seems to matter little whether Shakspeare be made the ground-work of our labours or not. But there is this double and reciprocal advantage arising from it, that our love for the author encourages and animates our pursuit, and that the result of that pursuit must necessarily encrease our love for the author, by encreasing our familiarity with those objects with which he himself was most familiar.

Nor can the enormous mass, into which our later commentators have swollen the subject of their illustrations, be made a reasonable ground of complaint against the proceeding. There are editions enough, through which Shakspeare has passed, of all shapes and sizes; the fastidious despiser of commentaries may purchase him without a single note; and he, whose sole ambition it is to understand the general meaning of his favourite poet, may attain his end tolerably well by the aid of some of the earliest and least voluminous of his critical editions. If every man, however slender his purse, or however sovereign his contempt for *the black-letter*, were compelled either to remain without a Shakspeare or to purchase the last and most approved edition, then there might be some legitimate ground for remonstrating against so oppressive an increase of commentary.

Mr. Douce is well known to the world by the very valuable incidental contributions which he has already made to the elucidation of Shakspeare, and it would be superfluous in us to congratulate those who have been in the habit of consulting Stevens's and Malone's editions on the accession of this gentleman to the list of avowed and regular commentators. The form under which the principal part of the present work is offered to our notice is that of an appendix to Stevens's edition of 1793 in fifteen 8vo. volumes. It pursues the same order with respect to the different plays; and many of the notes are to be taken merely as continuations.

some contained in that publication, while others are entirely original, and, from their length and importance, may seem to deserve the appellation rather of short independent essays. We have already expressed our opinion that the greatest service which the present and future commentators on Shakspeare can render to the cause of literature, is in illustrating the manners and characters of our forefathers; their general superstitions and modes of thinking and acting; and the derivation of singular customs or expressions among ourselves. It will be readily believed that no person is more capable than Mr. Douce of undertaking so pleasant and profitable a task, and executing it in the manner best calculated to amuse as well as instruct his readers.

Mr. Ritson had before observed that the 'man in the moon' is no other than the identical sabbath-breaker recorded in Numbers xv. 32. and Mr. D. endeavours to connect the offence with the punishment. Chaucer tells us, that this poor sinner not only gathered, but stole the sticks in question, and appears to think, that the weight of the guilty bundle was so great as to prevent him from climbing up to heaven any higher than the moon, where he has ever since been imprisoned.

'With the Italians,' says Mr. Douce, 'Cain appears to have been the offender, and he is alluded to in a very extraordinary manner by Dante in the 20th canto of the *Inferno*, where the Moon is described by the periphrasis *Caino e le spine*. The Jews have some talismudical story that Jacob is in the moon, and they believe that his face is visible. The natives of Ceylon, instead of a man, have placed a hare in the Moon.'

And they tell a curious and romantic fable on the occasion.

'It is remarkable that the Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. Their mythological moon Jut-ho is figured by a beautiful young woman with a double sphere behind her head, and a rabbit at her feet. The period of this animal's gestation is thirty days; may it not therefore typify the moon's revolution round the earth?' Vol. i. p. 15.

This fancy of an animal in the moon is a very curious one, and from being so general we should rather imagine that it has arisen in all nations from some general cause. The spots on the moon's surface may easily be converted by imagination into the likeness of some terrestrial object, most especially of a human face; and, in the absence of all philosophical knowledge, more extravagant superstitions



have often been raised on equally slight and whimsical foundations.

In the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Launce, being about to put his brother clown to an examination of his literary qualifications, uses the expression, 'Saint Nicholas be thy speed.' The true reason why this saint was chosen to be the patron of scholars, as also for the manner in which he was commonly represented, 'with three children in a tub,' Mr. Douce gathers from a MS. life of the saint composed in French verse by Master Wace, chaplain to Henry the second, who relates that

'Three scholars being on their way to school, were murdered by their host in the night and their bodies hidden. Saint Nicholas was informed of it by God Almighty, and, according to his pleasure went to the place. He demanded the scholars of the host, who was not able to conceal them, and therefore shewed them to him. Saint Nicholas by his prayers restored the souls to their bodies. Because he conferred such honour on scholars, they at this day celebrate his festival.' P. 40.

In Twelfth Night, the question 'dost thou live by thy tabor?' has somewhat strangely led the former commentators into a dissertation on an eating-house with the sign of a tabor, which, says one, was kept by Tarleton. But Mr. D. discovers that Tarleton's house was known by 'the sign of the Saba,' that is, 'of the queen of Sheba;' and that this same is our identical modern sign of the Bell Savage. After so many derivations of that singular appellation, we were surprised at finding a new one started, especially as we had contented ourselves with the very plausible story of a lease of the inn in question to one Isabella Savage, which seemed to explain the whole mystery in the most satisfactory manner. But hear good Adam Davie his romance of Alexander, written in the fourteenth century,

'In their Londe is a citè  
One of the noblest in Christiantè;  
Yclepeth *Sabba* in langage.  
Thence came *Sibely Savage*,  
Of all the world the fairest queen,  
To Jerusalem Salomon to seen,' &c. p. 98.

*Sibely Savage* is, in fact, *Si belle Sauvage* (says Mr. D.) and this extract seems to us almost to settle the question, especially as the sign is common on the continent, where it is not at all likely that the fame of Mrs. Isabella Savage could have extended.

A little further on, (p. 107) we have a very learned and curious note on the ancient custom of betrothing, which, among our forefathers, was attended with ceremonies almost equally solemn, and was in itself considered as almost equally binding, with the actual rite of inarrriage. Indeed to this very solemnity and seeming importance of the ordinance may be ascribed its subsequent disuse; since it very commonly happened that the lady, relying on the sanctity of the engagement, did not scruple to admit her lover to an anticipation of all the matrimonial rights and privileges before the celebration of a legal marriage, which occasioned great scandal and, at last, a general abandonment of the dangerous ceremony. Mr. Douce conjectures (very sensibly we think) that the desuetude of espousals in this country gave rise to 'our action at law for damages on breach of promise of marriage.'

At the conclusion of his notes on 'Measure for Measure,' Mr. Douce has added to the novel of Cinthio, hitherto held to be the foundation of that play, the outline of several other similar stories, almost any of which seem equally likely to have furnished Shakspeare with the groundwork of his fable. We are, however, more obliged to him for his manly vindication of our poet from the harsh morality of Johnson, and the censorious cavilling of Mrs. Lennox. Since the play ends happily, there seems to be neither dramatic nor moral justice in requiring a more heavy punishment than he actually suffers, for Angelo's *intended*, but abortive, guilt.

The notes 'on certain terms used in fencing,' p. 233, and on the legal privilege of 'begging idiots,' p. 240 contain a great deal of curious and recondite information; but our limits will not admit of much quotation or analysis.

The character of Hecate in Macbeth gives occasion to a very learned dissertation on some superstitions of our ancestors relative to the existence and characters of fairies; but though one of the longest notes with which Mr. D. has favoured us, it is a subject which ought not to be confined to the narrow limits of a commentary. We hope therefore that Mr. D. will at some future time pursue his own hint of tracing, in a separate essay, the connection between the fairy superstitions of the middle ages, and 'the religion of the ancient Romans.' No man is better qualified for the task than the gentleman who suggests it.

The story of Aladine the Persian, cited p. 344, from 'Winstanley's *Historical Rarities*,' is not an invention, but founded on a well-known practice of the *Assassins* in Syria of which the reader may find some account in the disserta-

tions at the end of the second volume of Mr. Johnes's Joinville.

Of Master Shallow's elegant adjuration, 'by cock and pie,' we have an ingenious conjectural derivation in the old chivalrous custom of swearing on a *peacock* or pheasant to the performance of some considerable enterprise. When the custom itself had long been disused, the vestiges remained in the *peacock pie*, which continued to be a favourite and *honourable* dish at the tables of great personages. 'The gilded beak was proudly elevated above the crust, and the splendid tail expanded.' One of the latest instances of the usage referred to, may be found in Ste. Palaye (Mem. de Chevalerie) who details from some ancient author a very singular feast given by the Duke of Burgundy (Philip the Good) on occasion of a projected expedition to the Holy Land. But Mr. D. we apprehend, has been guilty of a slight inaccuracy in stating the birds to have been roasted; whereas we believe it was the more usual practice to introduce them alive.

The description given (in p. 499) of a favourite *dance* of Shakspeare's time is so humorous, that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it.

'Henry 5. A. 3. S. 5.

They bid us to the English dancing schools

And teach *lavoltas high*, and swift corantoës.

'The *lavolta*, as the name implies, is of Italian origin. The man turns the woman round several times, and then assists her in making a *high* spring or cabriole. This dance passed from Italy into Provence and the rest of France, and thence into England. Mons. Bodin, an advocate in the parliament of Paris, and a very (*savage*, qu: sage?) and credulous writer on *dæmonology*, has gravely ascribed its importation from Italy into France, to the power of witches. The *naïveté* with which that part of the *lavolta* which concerns the management of the lady in making the *volta* is described by Thoinot Arbeau, an author already quoted, is extremely well worth transcribing, especially as the book is seldom to be met with. 'Quand vouldrez tourner, laissés libre la main gauche de la demoiselle, et gettés votre bras gauche sur son dos, en la prenant et serrant de votre main gauche par le faulx du corps au dessus de sa hauche droite, et en meme instant getterez votre main droite au dessous de son busq, pour l'ayder a saulter. quand la pousserez devant vous avec votre cuisse gauche: elle de sa part mettra sa main droite sur votre dos, ou sur votre collet, et mettra sa main gauche sur sa cuisse pour tenir ferme sa cotte ou sa robe afin que cueillant le vent, elle ne monstre sa chemise ou sa cuisse nue: ce fait, vous ferez par ensemble les tours de la *volte*, comme cy dessus a été dit: et après avoir tournoyé par tant de cadances qu'il vous plaira, restituerez la damoiselle en sa place, ou elle sentira

(quelque bonne contenance qu'elle face) son cerveau es branle, plaid de vertigues et tournoyemens de teste, et vous n'en aurez peut estre pus moins : je vous laisse à considerer si c'est chose bien se- ante à une jeune fille de faire de grands pas et ouvertures de jambes : et si en cette volte l'honneur et la santé y sont pas hazardez et interressez.' P. 491.

He concludes with other similar directions how you are to proceed 'si vous voulez une autre fois danser la volte à main droite.'

The following origin of a most venerable proverb 'seldom comes the better' (which is used by one of the citizens in Richard III.) is given from 'a MS. collection of stories compiled about the time of king Henry the third.'

'Quidam abbas dedit monachis suis tria fercula. Dixerunt monachi, Iste parum dat nobis. Rogemus Deum ut cito moriatur. Et sive ex hac causa sive ex alia mortuus est. Substitutus est alius qui eis tamen dedit dua fercula. Irati monachi contristati dixerunt, nunc magis est orandum, quia unum ferculum subtractum est, Deus subtrahat ei vitam suam. Tandem mortuus est. Substitutus est tertius, qui duo fercula subtraxit. Irati monachi dixerunt, Iste pessimus est inter omnes, quia fame nos interficit. Rogemus Deum quod cito moriatur. Dixit unus monachus, Rogo Deum quod det ei vitam longam, et manu teneat cum nobis. Alii admirati quærebant quare hoc diceret; qui ait, "Vide quod primus fuit malus, secundus pejor, iste pessimus; timeo quod cum mortuus fuerit alius pejor succedet, qui penitus nos fame perimet. Unde solet dici, *Seilde comed se betere.*" Vol. ii. p. 33.

The derivation of "Cockney" from the "land of Cokaigne," p. 151, is well-supported and probable.

Many *incidental* observations on the clowns and fools are excellent, not to speak of the *express* dissertation on that curious subject, which our contracted limits will only admit of our barely noticing. But the anecdote connected with, that most natural and affecting character, the fool in Lear, is too striking to be neglected.

'The kindness which Lear manifests towards his fool, and the latter's extreme familiarity with his master in the midst of the most poignant grief and affliction, may excite surprise in those who are not intimately acquainted with the simple manners of our forefathers. An almost contemporary writer has preserved to us a curious anecdote of William the Conqueror, whose life was saved by the attachment and address of his fool. An ancient Flemish chronicle among the royal MSS. in the British Museum, 16, F. iii, com-

mences with the exile of Salvard lord of Rousillon and his family from Burgundy. In passing through a forest, they are attacked by a cruel giant, who kills Salvard, and several of his people; his wife Emergard and a few others only escaping. This scene the illuminator of the MS. which is of the 15th century, has chosen to exhibit. He has represented Emergard as driven away in a covered cart or waggon by one of the servants. She is attended by a female, and in front of the cart is placed her fool, with a countenance expressive of the utmost alarm at the impending danger.' Page 170. Vol. ii.

In many of his critical notes and conjectural emendations, Mr. Douce discovers taste and judgment, which entitle him to a high degree of praise. In the speech of Prospero, (Temp. A. 5. S. 1.)

——— you demy-puppets, that  
By moon-shine do the *green-sour* ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites——

The substitution of *greensward* strikes us as both simple and ingenious. It is a just canon of criticism 'not to admit of conjectural emendation, unless it be to substitute a *more* for a *less* natural turn of thought or expression;' but this is precisely a case which falls within the reason of the admission.

Nobody can doubt the truth and elegance of the correction bestowed on Mr. Steevens in the following passage of Henry IV. (Act 3. S. 1.)

——— that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pourest down from these *swelling heavens*  
I am too perfect in; and but for shame  
In such a parley would I answer thee.

'According to Mr. Steevens, *swelling heavens* are prominent lips. Are they not *eyes swollen with tears*? Glendower had just said that his daughter wept; and Mortimer tells his wife that he would answer the melting language of her eyes, if it were not *for shame*.' (P. 432. Vol. i.)

In Act 1. Sc. 1. of the same play, the original reads:

No more the thirsty *entrance* of this soil  
Shall dawb her lips with her own children's blood.

This reading Malone and Ritson maintain, but do not seem very clearly to understand its meaning. Mr. Mason suggested, and Mr. Steevens adopted an alteration (which we



are really surprised that Mr. Douce should call ingenious, since nothing in our opinion was ever more extravagant in the way of conjecture, except Bentley's *Ucalegon*) of *entrance* into *Erinnys*. But Mr. Douce himself proposes a reading, which we think infinitely preferable to either of the former, and strictly conformable to the general language of the author, in the substitution of the word "entrails."

In the beautiful simile "all plumed like estridges," we are told that the word *estrige* signifies a goshawk, not an ostrich; and, however loath we are to admit an interpretation of so much less beauty than that which we have been used to fancy in the passage, still Mr. Douce has made out his assertion in a manner too convincing for our inclination to resist its admission.

Dr. Johnson's ridiculous interpretation of "*war* capering in a lady's chamber," and his hasty assertion "that the ancients did not place courage in the heart," are very properly exposed and refuted.

But we shall never end our criticism if we indulge our inclination any further in the selection of observations which have pleased us, especially as we have some remarks of a different nature to pass on the work before we take leave of it.

In the first place, it occurs to us that Mr. D. in the ardour of a commentator, has often explained, by far-fetched allusions and all the mysteries of black-letter lore, passages which require no explanation whatever, or where the real meaning lies much nearer the surface than he chuses to fancy.

What need was there to resort to the *Roman de Merlin*, the *Ordonnances de Chevalerie*, and Larke's *Booke of Wisdom*, to prove the devil "an enemy to mankind?" Vol. i. p. 99.

Can it be unknown to Mr. Douce that the word "keep" for "inhabit" is even now in general use at the universities, or that the *Petty-cury* is still the well-known appellation of a street at Cambridge? p. 123, &c.

Why should not *the brake* mean *the brake*? and why should not the expression "horned moon" allude to the usual emblematical and heralded figure of the moon to which it is so commonly applied? p. 191, &c.

Why may not the Venetians be called *signors of the flood* in reference to the *signory* maintained by the doge over the Adriatic sea? Do not we ourselves affect the signory of the flood? Are not our most highly valued rights *maritime rights*? And why not *burghers* of the sea? p. 249.

If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourished after, I'd not do it. Winter's Tale, A. 1. S. 1.

Why *must* this very forcible, but very simple and unassuming, expression necessarily conceal an *allusion*? p. 347.

Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The *knife* that made it. Tr. and Cr. A. 1. S. 1.

Here, on the contrary, there is an evident allusion, not 'to the old saying that *a knife cuts love*,' but to the sympathetic cures so prevalent in the days of sir Kenelm Digby, and which seems to have arisen from the story of Telëphus's spear, p. 54. Vol. ii.

Surely nothing can be more poetical, and nothing more exactly in the true spirit of Shakspeare, than the comparison between the tossing of a ship in a storm, and the "bounding" of Pegasus. It is always enough with Shakspeare if there is *one* strong point of similitude in his metaphors, nor does he at all deem it essential that they should be maintained with accuracy throughout. p. 55.

Another great fault in *all* commentators, and from which Mr. Douce is not exempt, is, that they will not allow of a single poetical *resemblance*, but they immediately hunt it down as a decided imitation, and thereby, nine times out of ten, do very gross injustice to the original merit of their author.

In the very outset, Miranda cannot, at first sight of Ferdinand, make use of a most natural expression, 'What is't? A spirit?' but we are told, this was probably suggested by Boccaccio's story of Father Philip's Geese. Vol. i. p. 12.

Although Shakspeare had written

That we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
By paved fountain, &c.

We cannot think it *doubtless* that Milton copied him in

To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade. p. 182.

Why must Jaques's famous 'All the world's a stage' be an imitation? Or why so natural an expression as 'Sleep, death's counterfeit?'

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,

*Manifestly* borrowed, says Mr. Douce, from 'How art thou *fallen* from heaven, O *Lucifer*, son of the morning.' Had Shakspeare then never heard or read of the fallen angels except in Isaiah?

Again,

Whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile.

'So, says Mr. D, 'in the anonymous play of *Wily beguilde*,

'Whose tongue more venom than the serpent's sting,'

it is difficult to say which is the imitation.' Vol. ii. p. 104.

We agree with Mr. Douce, that it is *very difficult indeed*.

We also object much to the extent to which the discovery of Shakspeare's want of learning has been carried. Our safest criterion on that point surely is Ben Jonson's character—'Little Latine and lesse Greeke.' But this is far from imposing on us the necessity of hunting out every classical translation that is known to have existed in Shakspeare's time, and denying the *possibility* of his ever drawing from the originals. Besides, even supposing it true that he knew *nothing* of any other language than his own, still might he not have had friends, or acquaintance at least, more learned than himself from whom he might occasionally have derived classical thoughts and images? It is very hard, because we admit that Shakspeare was not a man of learning, that we must stare at every learned expression or allusion as some unaccountable phænomenon, and even suppose that a line is not Shakspeare's because we cannot discover that in his time there existed a translation of the author from whom we conceive it to have been borrowed.

We may also add that in our opinion some of these notes are of much too trifling a nature; for instance that on *mufflers* (which surely did not require the elucidation of wooden prints)—that on the origin of "Lullaby"—&c. &c.

The dissertation on the anachronisms of Shakspeare is only a collection of the blunders of that description for which our poet is so notorious, distributed according to the order of the plays which contain them. This collection seems to be a very complete one; but it requires no ingenuity to compile it, and we can see no good purpose to be answered by the compilation.

On the characters of clowns and fools in our ancient

dramatic writers much has already been said, and much perhaps of curious and interesting matter still remains unexplored. Mr. D. has produced some new and amusing remarks respecting them.

The "*Gesta Romanorum*" is the title of a very ancient collection of tales and epilogues which Warton believed to be the work of one Peter Bercheur, prior of the convent of St. Eloy in Paris, who died in 1362, but Mr. D. doubts and combats the fact. It appears, however, that Warton confounded together two works with the same title; of the first no manuscript copies are extant; of the second no printed copies. It is of this last that Mr. D. proposes to give an account as being hitherto unknown except through the medium of a few trifling extracts; and the true lover of antiquarian research may derive pleasure from the curious analysis with which he has presented us. We will extract, for the satisfaction of our more cursory readers, two specimens of the shortest, but not least pithy amongst them.

'Chap. xxvii. Antony, emperor of Rome, is fond of chess, Playing once at this game, he observed that when the men were replaced as usual in the bag, the king was indiscriminately confounded with the rest of the pieces. This suggests to him his mortal state, and that he himself shall eventually be blended with others in the grave. He divides his kingdom into three parts; one he gives to the king of Jerusalem, another to his nobles, and a third to the poor. He then retires to the holy land to end his days in peace.'

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'Chap. xlv. The emperor Alexander made a law that no man should turn a flat-fish on his plate so as to eat the other side under pain of death; it being nevertheless allowed him to ask three things before his execution. The son of an offender against this law saves his father's life by his ingenuity, and contrives to marry the emperor's daughter.'

The last dissertation 'on the ancient English morris-dance' comprizes a fund of singular antiquarian knowledge and of the most amusing nature; but our observations have been too far protracted to allow of our dwelling more at large on its contents.

We cannot take leave, however, of Mr. Douce without thanking him for the excellent illustrations of engravings on wood and copper-plates which he has interspersed in different parts of the work. The former are, some of them, executed very beautifully, and are highly interesting as correct representations of manner and costume. They are

all, or almost all, copies from ancient prints of singular value. We would particularly notice that of the 'meddling fiend' hovering over the bed of a dying man; for when we reflect that this representation was strictly conformable to the actual belief of the time, we cannot but imagine that our poet had it in his view in describing, and that Sir Joshua Reynolds was therefore right in delineating it when painting the death of Cardinal Beaufort.

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**ART. IV.—*Fell's Memoirs of Fox, concluded from Art. I. of the last Review.***

WE had intended to subjoin this character of Mr. Fox to the review of Mr. Fell's Memoirs in our last number; but, as we were then precluded by want of room from shewing this humble tribute of our unfeigned veneration for the memory of that great man, we shall make no apology for inserting it in our Review for the present month.

**CHARACTER OF MR. FOX.**

It is the fate of ordinary minds to derive their leading traits, the moral and intellectual peculiarities which designate the idiom of character, from the circumstances in which they happen to be placed, and the period in which they chance to live. They seem fitted to be only servile copyists of what they have seen and heard without any trace of original conception or independent thought. But minds of a superior cast are found rather to communicate than to receive resemblances, rather to modify, than like more soft and plastic substances, to be modified by the form and fashion of the times. If the mind of Mr. Fox did not possess that transcendent sublimity of influence which can alter the moral aspect of nations, it must at least be acknowledged that the energetic activity of his reflective genius was sufficient to impress its own convictions on the whole intellectual mass of the country, in which a sordid selfishness had not blinded the mind, hardened the heart, and destroyed at once the feeling of patriotism and the love of liberty.

The various opinions which Mr. Fox delivered during the long course and diversified conflicts of his public life, contain a treasure of political philosophy which no statesman can study without becoming more benevolent and more wise. The notions which he uttered were not taken up at random and



again laid down without consideration, as interest or passion might impel. Such may be, and such are the fluctuations of those who venture on the sea of politics without sagacity to direct their way, or honesty to keep them steady in their course. The axioms which Mr. Fox embraced as the pole-star of his political conduct, and which he inculcated as the best means of promoting the happiness of nations, were deduced from a profound and comprehensive survey of human affairs, from an intimate acquaintance with human nature, and from an enlightened view of the end for which government was established. His political sentiments, originating in principles which are as immutable as the attributes of the Deity from which they are derived, were not subject to any vicious defection or capricious fluctuations. Thus no statesman ever exceeded Mr. Fox in his consistency or probity. Tergiversation is reckoned the peculiar failing of politicians; but we do not remember any one instance in the life of Mr. Fox in which he ever renounced any of the great and leading principles which he ever advanced. He was not at one time a friend to freedom, and then a stickler for prerogative. He did not at one period recommend reform, and at another patronize corruption. The love of liberty was cherished in his mind till it had become part of his nature; it was incorporated in the personal identity of the man. It was not more a glowing sensation of his heart than a profound impression of his conscience, and a steady conviction of his intellect. His political notions did not, like those of Mr. Pitt, vary with his circumstances. He knew and he felt that the relations of truth and justice do not alter their position as the gale of fortune happens to blow from the different points of the political horizon. And, as the opinions, which Mr. Fox maintained were founded on the basis of justice and of truth, they partook of the sanctity and eternity of moral obligation. His political was indeed only a part of the great moral theory which occupied his mind. Thus in political probity, the history of all times and nations will not readily bring us acquainted with a superior to Mr. Fox. For though Mr. Fox was by no means insensible to the gratifications of wealth, yet he maintained his principles inviolate in periods, when every man, which power could furnish, was held out to his apostacy; and when the perilous appearances of the times themselves might have furnished him with something like a plausible excuse for the dereliction of his principles. But he remained immutably firm. It is in the hour of temptation,

difficulty, and distress, that the constancy of integrity is seen. In such an hour did Mr. Fox, deserted except by a chosen few, maintain the cause of rational freedom against the advocates for anarchy on the one hand, and for despotism on the other. He stood, as he himself expressed it, in the gap between the tyranny that seemed to threaten us on one side from the mob, and on the other from the court. In this stormy period his principles would undoubtedly have vacillated if they had not been founded on the rock of honesty and truth. The politics of Mr. Fox's great rival, Mr. Pitt, were of a different complexion. Instead of being extracted from those principles, which are as unchangeable as the moral properties of God, they were made up of artificial and fugitive expedients. The politics of Mr. Fox were always directed more to the good of others than to his own self-advancement. The politics of Mr. Pitt were less directed to the good of others than to the acquisition of power for himself. The possession of power was his object, and the retention of it was his end. His first, his last, and his only wish was power. If there be a ruling passion this was his. Ambition is often the character of a great and generous mind; but the ambition of Mr. Pitt rested on a narrow base. It was selfishness in the extreme. We do not mean that selfishness which is concentrated in the lust of wealth, but in a thirst for power, which was not sanctified by any devout emotions of beneficence. Beneficence is what alone can consecrate the otherwise unholy longings of ambition. The ambition of Mr. Pitt consisted solely in a desire to be greater than his peers. Ambition was by no means absent from the mind of Mr. Fox; but it was an ambition of a nobler kind—it was never forsaken by justice, and it mounted even to the heavens on the wing of humanity.

In the qualities of distinguished politicians there have been few instances in which we do not discover the practice of duplicity and the habit of circumvention. But there was nothing like double-dealing in Mr. Fox. He spoke what he meant, and he always meant what he spoke. What passed from his tongue never belied what was passing in his heart. He scorned all disguise, and he needed none. If sincerity ever fixed her shrine in any human heart it was in his. Nothing hypocritical, nothing fraudulent or insidious entered into his composition. His father in very early life had taught him to shun all artifice and reserve, and to venerate the simplicity of truth. Hence he was celebrated for his frankness above all the statesmen of his time. No man approached him without feeling that he stood before one in

whom there was no perfidy, no guile. Hence he could not open his mouth without disarming suspicion and impressing confidence. This was one of the great reasons why his eloquence, if it did not make the venal and corrupt hirelings of power abandon the wages of sin, at least always excited the attention and commanded the respect even of the venal and corrupt. There was a snowy candour in his sentiments which was not polluted by a single stain of fraud, cruelty, or injustice. In all the speeches which he ever delivered in the House of Commons, from the time in which his judgment had become at all matured, he never uttered a single maxim which a wise man need blush to own, or of which a good man might not feel a sweet complacency in the recollection.

The habit of reflection had given to the mind of Mr. Fox a degree of prescience which seemed almost supernatural. His knowledge of causes and effects was indeed greatly beyond that of any other man of the age. In this respect his mind seemed to brighten with a ray of the divinity, of which his rivals had no share. While they were groping their way in the dark, or gazing like idiots on present appearances, he viewed things in their distant relations and their remote effects. Thus there is hardly any great political measure of his adversary which he reprobated, that was not ultimately found mischievous in its operations; and hardly any conduct which he advised which melancholy experience did not prove to be that which ought to have been pursued. But his remonstrances, his exhortations and suggestions, like the predictions of Cassandra, to which they were often compared, were neglected and despised till the time in which they might have been executed, had glided away. The history of the revolutionary war will bear ample testimony to the truth of this observation.

Many who have no virtue themselves, or in whom the varnish of exterior decorum is employed as a substitute for virtue, have often vented their slanders on the vices of Mr. Fox. But, of those vices, which are of the most unsocial and malignant cast, we do not believe that one can fairly be laid to his charge. The impetuous ardour of his temperament, and the restless activity of his mind, which, in what ever was the object of pursuit, never stagnated in indifference, often made him pass the limits of discretion. But the frigid calculations of mercantile prudence seem to be suited only to ordinary minds. The mind of Mr. Fox was not of that class. But can it be said that Mr. Fox was ever guilty of a

single act which tended to make any deduction from the happiness of his fellow-creatures? Did he ever seduce the wife or the daughter of his friend? Did he ever supplant a rival by fraud, or practise a single dishonest art to obtain any interested end? His vices, whatever they were, were injurious only to himself; and they made no deduction from the independence of the patriot, or the honesty of the man. If he wasted his patrimony at the gaming table, yet the good of his country was never the stake for which he threw. Can this be said of his great political opponent? He indeed was no gamester at Brookes's or at White's; but did he not hazard the safety of his country on the die of his own selfish ambition in the chapel of St. Stephen? If Mr. Fox lavished his own private fortune with inconsiderate prodigality, Mr. Pitt squandered the fortunes of the public with more criminal profusion. The vices of Mr. Fox did not diffuse their bane beyond the confines of his own circle; but we are all losers by the vices of Mr. Pitt. They have spread darkness, misery, and want over the land. The popularity of Mr. Fox was the spontaneous unbought homage of the heart; that of Mr. Pitt was purchased by pensions and emoluments. The popularity of Mr. Fox was the tribute of all the intellect, the worth and virtue in the nation; that of Mr. Pitt was the selfish brawl of rapacious money-lenders, mercenary jobbers, credulous dotards, senseless bigots, and hypocritical priests. The heart of Mr. Fox was tenanted by none of those squalid forms which appear to have fixed their dwelling in that of Mr. Pitt. There was none of that suspicion, which marks a consciousness of evil; none of that envy which is corroded by the sight of what it affects to applaud and love; there was no space allotted to calumny; none to malignant insinuation; none to supercilious arrogance; none to tyrannic pride. But are not these qualities the most pestiferous of the progeny of vice? And from these can the same exclusion be allotted to Mr. Pitt as to Mr. Fox? Mr. Fox could have sat in the same cabinet with Mr. Pitt without any jealousy of his talents or his eloquence; but Mr. Pitt, who could neither endure an equal, nor admire a superior, would not have rested till he had undermined his rival by secret intrigue and insidious machinations. That human kindness, which pervaded the bosom of Mr. Fox, could hardly be abated, and was never extinguished even by the inveterate hostility of his opponents, but Mr. Pitt always maligned the man who had the courage or the honesty to resist his imperious will. Mr. Fox was always an

ardent friend but never an irreconcilable foe ; Mr. Pitt was not only an envenomed enemy, but a cold and suspicious friend. In Mr. Fox there was rather an excess than a dearth of those kind affections which endear the individual to all who come within the sphere of his attraction ; but in Mr. Pitt the kinder sympathies were often absorbed in overflowing insolence and overbearing pride. In the sensitive temperament of Mr. Fox, all that is mild, generous, open, and urbane, were so happily mingled as to constitute what Mr. Burke called ' a man made to be loved ;' but the bosom of Mr. Pitt was more like the palace of an eastern king, where suspicion stands at the door, and where hate, distrust, and tyranny stalk within the walls.

Mr. Pitt had *religion* and *morality* always in his mouth, particularly when he had any point to carry with the country gentlemen, who were lured by these tempting sounds to co-operate in the *pious crusade* against France ; but though Mr. Fox was no formal religionist, yet the essence of religion, which centres in charity, was the predominant sensation of his heart. If religion consist in doing to others as we would that they should do to us ; if it have any connection with a holy endeavour to preserve peace on earth and good will among men (and what Christian will deny this ?) then we will venture to say, that Mr. Fox, who never made any shew of religion, was, in fact, one of the most religious men of the age. The great object of his political life was to prevent the havoc of war and to preserve the world in peace. His exertions were indeed ineffectual, but they were unintermitted ; and if he who saves the life of one man deserves a civic crown, what recompence must be due to him who laboured, with so much constancy and zeal, to rescue millions from an untimely grave ? If peace since the commencement of the Christian æra ever had a steady, a disinterested advocate, it was in Mr. Fox. Peace was his constant aim, his ardent hope, his living counsel, and his dying prayer.

The eloquence of Mr. Fox contains all the great qualities in which orators of all ages have been most ambitious to excel. It is varied, perspicuous, argumentative, cogent, and profound. It agitates, impresses, interests, and instructs. It has nothing mechanical, affected, or constrained. It appears rather the effusion of nature than the product of art. There is in it a simplicity of diction often bordering on negligence, but never deviating into rusticity, and always made the vehicle for comprehensive knowledge, sagacious observation, and uniform good sense. These are its general characteristics. Mr. Fox never counterfeited emotions



which he did not feel. When he became warmed with his subject, that warmth was no scenic exhibition, but the actual mirror of what was passing in his mind. His intellect was of too elevated a species to court the aid of equivocation or disguise. Hypocrisy never stood sentinel over his thoughts. His conscience had not to answer for one act of dissimulation. Here Mr. Fox may take his stand on lofty ground, and bid defiance to every competitor among the statesmen of all countries and times. The oratory of Mr. Fox seldom sparkled with metaphorical glitter like that of Mr. Burke, or expatiated in a pompous procession of sonorous periods like that of Mr. Pitt. But though there was no vain display of exterior magnificence, it was always animated with the spirit of liberty, of virtue, and of truth. His mouth spoke out of the fullness of his heart. Amplification is the privilege of orators; but Mr. Fox was not apt to swell common objects beyond their natural dimensions. No speaker was ever less addicted to bombast. When the speeches of Mr. Pitt are stripped of their gorgeous apparel, but few ideas are left; and those poor emaciated forms without any blood in their veins or flesh upon their bones. But the speeches of Mr. Fox are remarkable for fullness of thought. The ideas are not lost in a superfluity of words. There is not a swell of sound and an inanity of sense. The accurate knowledge of general nature, which Mr. Fox possessed, caused him to sprinkle his speeches with those maxims of philosophic truth which, deduced from the constitution of the world, and the complex relations of human life, are fitted to come home to men's interests and bosoms. Even the abstractions of Mr. Fox teem with practical life; they are general truths founded on a large induction of particulars, and susceptible of the most varied applications. In Mr. Pitt great and comprehensive views were forsaken for an attention to official minutiae. He does not appear ever to have acquired the habit of generalization; but it is this faculty which eminently marks superiority of mind. Here Mr. Fox was resplendently great; here his more fortunate rival must in the judgment of every candid man resign the palm. There is in oratory as in morals an ideal of excellence which no individual will ever reach. Mr. Fox did not pass the bounds of human imperfection; but in promptitude, energy, copiousness, variety, and force, in the rejection of sophistry, dissimulation, and every unworthy art, in independence of principle and disinterestedness of conduct, in candour, sincerity, and truth, in patriotism and philanthropy, he may challenge a parallel with any orator in any age.

ART. V.—*Marmion. A Tale of Flodden Field. By Walter Scott.* 4to. London. Miller. 1808.

THE principal character of the present romance is intirely a fictitious personage, and a supposed descendant of Robert de Marmion, lord of Fontenay in Normandy, a follower in the train of William the conqueror, who, for his services was rewarded with the castle of Tamworth and manor of Scrivelby in Lincolnshire. The adventures, on which the interest of the poem depends, are so detached, and the author so frequently returns upon his own steps to bring up a lagging part of his history, that it is by no means an easy task to thrird the labyrinth and discover to what end so many intricate windings are made to conduct. From a very frequent and diligent perusal we are enabled to make out something of a story, which, by connecting the events scattered piecemeal through the work, we venture to retail.

The time of action is placed early in the 16th century. The costume closely and rather ostentatiously adapted to the age. The agents partly real, and partly imaginary. Our interest, however, is almost exclusively directed to the latter.

Lord Marmion, the hero of the piece, had been enamoured of Constance de Beverly, who is seduced from her convent by her gallant, and, to prevent suspicion, consents to follow him in the disguise of a page or horse-boy. In a short time, however, his affections wander from Constance, and he becomes the rival of De Wilton for the love of Clara de Clare. Enraged at the opposition made by the young lady to his wishes, he attempts to ruin De Wilton by branding him as a traitor of his prince, and the friend of Martin Swart the German general, who supported the cause of the impostor Simnel. Appeal is made to the ordeal of single combat, in which it is left dubious for a long time, whether De Wilton is killed or only dangerously wounded. He is borne apparently lifeless, from the field, to the house of his beadsman Austin, and the report of his death is universally credited. Having recovered from his wounds, he attempts to rase from his mind the remembrance, of a love made hopeless from the disgraceful issue of the contest, by journeying in the habit of a palmer, and attended only by Austin through foreign countries. This old and faithful companion of his wanderings dies, after having enjoined De Wilton, that if ever fortune should make him victorious over his adversary Marmion,

he would spare his life. Meanwhile Clara the object of competition, takes shelter in the abbey of Whitby; and Constance is restored to her convent of Lindisfarn, with strict injunctions from Marmion, that no harm should befall her for having violated her vows; an order with which his power and fame seemed to insure compliance. This at least appears to us the clearest inference from the contradictory conditions of her residence at the convent. In truth we confess ourselves at a loss to reconcile the statement of Marmion, that he left her at her convent under the security of his great name, with her subsequent detection in the disguise of a horse-boy. To us it is all obscurity. And the lamp which we have held up to our readers through many dark passages, we confess to be here wholly puffed out. The remainder of the journey is not quite so intricate; but with its intricacy, much of its interest is also lost. The story is continued thus.

On the eve of a war between the kings of Scotland and England, Marmion is dispatched by Henry to negotiate a peace with James. The poem opens with his arrival at Northham Castle on his way to Edinburgh, after being greeted by the Lord Heron and his household. The greeting, which we subjoin, abounds with more good meaning than elegance.

They hailed lord Marmion :  
 They hailed him lord of Fontenaye  
 Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,  
 Of Tamworth tower and town ;  
 And he, their courtesy to requite,  
 Gave them a chain of ten marks weight,  
*All as he lighted down.*  
 'Now largesse, largesse,' Lord Marmion,  
 'Knight of the crest of gold !  
 A blazon'd shield in battle won  
 Ne'er guarded heart so bold.'

This passage, we fear, rises nearly to a level with the tenor of the whole poem. Such are the blessed effects of introducing the ballad style again. But we turn from the poetry to the history. After being nobly entertained by the Lord Heron, he requires from his host a guide acquainted with the road through the south of Scotland. A palmer, who had arrived at the castle on a pious pilgrimage to St. Andrews, undertakes the office, and becomes the director of his route. In this palmer we are first introduced to the wandering and unhappy De Wilton, who anxiously seeks the first opportunity in which he may honourably avenge himself on the author of his misfortunes.

It is here necessary to follow the fortunes of the wretched and repudiated Constance, which form the subject of the second, and most interesting canto. It appears that during her seclusion her sex had been discovered (for this point is all a mystery) with the aggravation of a design formed by her against the life of her rival Clara, owing to the cowardice of a monk whom she had engaged to execute it. The two abbesses of St. Hilda and Whitby and the blind abbot of St. Cuthbert, are introduced in horrid conclave on the crimes of Constance and her accomplice. The circumstances attending her trial, and the sentence of burial alive, are in themselves thrilling even to agony. The statement however borrows but little further pathos from the language of the poet, who relies more on the imagination of a feeling reader than on his own powers of description. At a moment so awful our readers will be surprized at hearing Constance relate the secrets, whose developement have brought on her destruction, in the following cool and matter-of-fact strain:

‘ The king approved his favourite’s aim ;

In vain a rival barred his claim,

Whose faith with Clara’s was plight,

For he attaints that rival’s fame

With treason’s charge—and on they came

In mortal lists to fight,

Their oaths are said,

Their prayers are prayed,

Their lances in the rest are laid

They meet in mortal shock ;

And hark ! the throng with thundering cry,

Shout “ Marmion, Marmion,” to the sky !

“ De Wilton to the block.”

Say ye, who preach heav’n shall decide,

When in the lists two champions ride,

Say, was heaven’s justice here ?

When loyal in his love and faith

Wilton found overthrow or death

Beneath a traitor’s spear.

How false the charge, how true he fell,

This guilty packet best can tell.

Then drew a packet from her breast,

Paused, gathered voice, and spoke the rest.

‘ Still was false Marmion’s bridle staid ;

To Whitby’s convent fled the maid,

The hated match to shun.

Ho ! shifts she thus ! King Henry cried,

Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,

If she were sworn a nun.

One way remained—the King's command  
Sent Marmion to the Scottish land :

I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd

For Clara and for me :

This caitiff monk, for gold, did swear,

He would to Whitby's shrine repair,

And, by his drugs, my rival fair

A saint in Heaven should be.

But ill the dastard kept his oath

Whose cowardice hath undone us both.

This despair to emulate in language the emotions of the heart is a leading fault in the poem. It again visits him at a time when confidence was most necessary ; and in the meeting of Clara and De Wilton, the author poorly condescends to beg pardon for his inability to describe it. But to the story.—Marmion, ignorant of the fate of Constance, is conducted by his mysterious guide on the first stage of their journey on Scottish ground. The cavalcade take up their quarters at an hostel or inn with the sign of the bush and flaggon. The subject is not much elevated by the minute description of the bustling of ostlers on the arrival of company in an inn yard. An antient legend recounted by the host (and most obscurely is it told) of a spectre which haunted a neighbouring cavern, assuming the likeness of persons dead or absent, gives the wished occasion to de Wilton to execute part of his design. Well acquainted with the enterprising spirit of his enemy, he judges, that he will not rest until he has tried his prowess against the supposed elfin knight. The palmer, accounted as a warrior, seeks the haunted place, and has soon the satisfaction of encountering and defeating Marmion, whose life, however, he spares, agreeably to the injunction of the dying Austin. Marmion's defeat is attributable to the horror inspired by the supposed spectre, in whose visage he recognises the image of De Wilton, whom he considered as dead. He returns to the hostel, and continues his journey to Dun Edin under the same guidance as before.

He arrives at the Scottish camp, and from thence at the court, on his mission of peace, which, however, is unsuccessful. The different clans of wild mountaineers and borderers are described with spirit ; and indeed the costume of war and peace, which is more particularly laboured in these two cantos, is admirably supported.

It happened about this time, that the galley which carried the maids of St. Hilda, and, among them, the contested Clara, was taken by a Scottish vessel. As Marmion is



about to return to England, the holy maids are gallantly consigned over to his escort by his royal host. Douglas is appointed to be the conductor of the whole procession as far as the borders; and under his guidance they reach Tantallon Castle. Their host, Douglas, having been informed of the private history of Marmion, abates of his courtesy, and bestows on De Wilton a suit of armour, which, in conformity with the laws of chivalry, he watches during one whole night preparatory to receiving the honour of knighthood from the hand of Douglas on the next morning. During this ceremony he meets Clara on the battlements. Here again the circumstance transcends the description, which although raised beyond the level of the work in general, is very tame and inanimate. We subjoin it,

' But see!—what makes this armour here ?  
 For in her path there lay  
 Targe, corslet, helm ;—she viewed them near.—  
 The breastplate pierced !—Aye much I fear,  
 Weak fence wer't thou 'gainst foeman's spear,  
 That hath made fatal entrance here,  
 As these dark blood-gouts say.—  
 Thus Wilton !—Oh not corslet's ward,  
 Not truth as diamond pure and hard,  
 Could be thy manly bosom's guard,  
 On yon disastrous day !  
 She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—  
 Wilton himself before her stood !  
 It might have seemed his passing ghost ;  
 For every youthful gface was lost,  
 And joy unwonted, and surprize  
 Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—  
 Expect not, noble dames and lords  
 That I can tell such scene in words :  
 What skilful limner e'er would chuse  
 To paint the rainbow's varying hues,  
 Unless to mortal it were given  
 To dip his brush in dyes of heaven ? &c.

When the surprize at meeting a lover-rescued from the dead be considered, the above picture will not be thought overcharged with colouring. And yet the painter is so fatigued with his exertion, that he has fairly thrown away his brush, and is contented with merely *chalking out* the intervening adventures of De Wilton, without bestowing on them any colour at all. Here all interest ceases. De Wilton unaccountably permits Clara to be put again under the protection of Marmion. He is knighted; and joins in the

battle of Flodden Field, which is evidently forced into service for the mere purpose of giving a popular name to the work. Here all is confusion. A small party are detached by Marmion to the charge of Clara, and the hero of the piece, who has been guilty of seducing a nun, and abandoning her to be buried alive, of forgery to ruin a friend, and of perfidy in endeavouring to seduce away from him the object of his tenderest affections, fights and dies gloriously, and is indebted to the injured Clara for the last drop of water to cool his dying thirst.

This last act of disinterested attention extorts from the author the smoothest, sweetest, and tenderest lines in the whole poem.—It is with pleasure that we extract numbers so harmonious from the discords by which they are surrounded.

‘ Oh woman ! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made ;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou !—  
Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
When, with the baron’s casque, the maid  
To the nigh streamlet ran :  
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears ;  
The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
Sees but the dying man.  
She stooped her by the runnel side,  
But in abhorrence backward drew,  
For oosing from the mountain’s side,  
Where raged the war, a dark red tide  
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
Where shall she turn ! behold her mark  
A little fountain cell,  
Where water, pure as diamond spark  
In a stone bason fell.  
Above some half-worn letters say  
Drink weary pilgrim, drink, and pray,  
For the kind soul of Sybil Gray,  
Who built this cross and well.  
She filled the helm, and back she hied,  
And with surprize and joy espied  
A monk supporting Marmion’s head ;  
A pious man whom duty brought  
To dubious verge of battle fought,  
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.’

The death of *Marmion* is equally appropriate.

“ The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,  
And—Stanley! was the cry;—  
A light on *Marmion*'s visage spread,  
And fired his glazing eye :  
With dying hand above his head  
He shook the fragment of his blade,  
And shouted “ Victory.  
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on,”  
Were the last words of *Marmion*.”

The reader will imagine that *De Wilton* fights well, and is rewarded by regaining his honours and the hand of *Clara*.

The six introductory chapters to friends of the author are very long, and appear, together with the notes, as intended to eke out the book. The prevailing subject of these epistles is Winter; and in each we are informed, that it not unusually blows, snows, and is cold during that season. They are not however without their use, and we recommend them strongly to those who scrupulously abstain from writing verses on the score of having nothing to say. To shew what a poverty of idea prevails through these introductory chapters, we will quote some few lines generally from the openings, from which it will appear, that mere scenic description, and the common-places about the weather, as in ordinary conversation, form the principal topics for these spiritless effusions.

*Introd. 1. To William Stewart Rose, Esq.*

‘ November’s sky is chill and drear,  
November’s leaf is red and sear:  
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,  
That hems our little garden in,  
Low in its dark and narrow glen  
You scarce the rivulet might ken  
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,  
So feeble trifled the streamlet through, &c. &c.

From thence he is led to the common-place of *Moschus*, stated in our last number to have been worn threadbare, and to be actually unfit for further service, for the purpose of introducing some miserable lines on the deaths of *Nelson*, *Pitt*, and *Fox*. Of the first he says,

‘ Deep graved in every British heart,  
Oh never let those names depart,

Say to your sons—Lo here his grave  
Who victor died on Gadite wave.

Very many verses are devoted to the memory of Pitt in a style equally elevated with the above.

The following overflowing of simplicity transcends every thing that has hitherto been attempted in that way.

' Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,  
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;  
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiems sound  
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.'

He is soon recalled however to talk of country matters as usual, " Nil præter solitum levis.—"

*Introd. 2. To the Rev. John Marriot.*

' The scenes are desert now and bare  
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,  
When these waste glens with copse were lin'd,  
And peopled with the hart and hind.  
Yon thorn,' &c. &c.

The sequel is on foam with the waters of the Tweed and Yarrow—And the poet honestly talks of turning a sort of pastoral hermit for the purpose of marking

' the setting day  
On Bourkoupe's lonely top decay.  
And as it faint and feeble died,  
On the broad lake, and mountain's side,  
To say, " Thus pleasures fade away ;  
Youth, talents, beauty thus decay,  
And leave us dark, forlorn and grey." '

Mr. Scott is not the first person who has made this observation.

*Introd. 3. To William Erskine, Esq.*

' Like April morning clouds, that pass,  
With varying shadow o'er the grass  
And imitate on field and furrow  
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow,  
Like streamlet of the mountain north  
Now in a torrent racing forth,' &c. &c.

Mr. Erskine, however, is made to give some advice to his

friend, which if followed would have prevented our animadversions.

' Oft hast thou said, if time mispent,  
Thine hours to poetry are lent ;  
Go, and to tame thy wandering course,  
Quaff from the fountain at the source ;  
Approach those masters o'er whose tomb  
Immortal laurels ever bloom, &c.

Mr. Scott however soon returns to 'inhale'

' The freshness of the mountain gale ;'

and concludes with a determination not to profit from good advice.

' Flow forth, flow unrestrained my tale.'

*Introd. 4. To James Skene, Esq.*

From the opening of this introductory chapter, we congratulated ourselves at not having to wade through the dark waters of the Tweed, or to be lost on Carterhaugh or frozen by another November. Judge our horror at finding ourselves on a sudden breast-deep in snow again.

' November's dreary gale  
Whose voice inspired my opening tale,  
That same November gale once more  
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow's shore ;  
Their vexed boughs streaming to the sky,  
Once more our naked birches sigh ;  
And Blackhouse heights and Ettrick Pen  
Have don'd their wintry shrouds again,  
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,  
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed,' &c. &c.

*Introd. 5th. To George Ellis, Esq.*

This is as it should be, no disguise is here used, no trap to decoy the reader unawares into bogs and wastes, but the author fairly and candidly commences with

' When dark December glooms the day,  
And takes our autumn joys away ;  
When short, and scant, the sun-beam throws  
Upon the weary waste of snows  
A cold and profitless regard,  
Like patron on a needy bard'— &c. &c. &c.



6th Introd. To Richard Heber, Esq.

'Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our merry Christmas still.'

The remaining part of the epistle, however, is far more diversified than any of the preceding; and something of variety is caught from the library and hospitality of the gentleman to whom it is addressed.

It will easily be credited that the reviewer of a work written by an author of celebrity, would be very chary in risking opinions unsubstantiated by proofs of their justice from the book itself. Indeed the impression made on ourselves, and those whom we have consulted, is, that the story is faulty in connection, that the events are not sufficiently numerous for the length of detail, that an ambition to display all the knowledge with which the author's mind is imbued, of old times, has induced him to dwell upon particulars on ancient manners, armour and building, more suitable to an antiquarian than a poet; and above all, that the thoughts want dignity, and the verses harmony.

The poem is called a romance; and if it be intended to imply that the style should conform with that of the Troubadours of old, we have no hesitation in saying that the comparison turns in favour of Mr Scott. But even in this case, bad grammar and excessive inelegance cannot be the point of resemblance at which an imitator would aim. Examples of both succeed each other rapidly in this work. To put a few. The vulgar use of the genitive with its sign before the case by which it is governed, as

'The deadliest sin her mind could reach  
Was of *monastic* rule the breach.'

'Twice every day the waves efface  
Of *staves* and *sandalled feet* the trace.'

'Or who in desperate doubt of grace  
Strove by deep penance to efface  
Of *some foul crime* the stain.'

'He knew her of *broad lands* the heir.'—&c. Passim:

The following are instances of incorrect grammar, and a familiarity of verse almost hudibrastic.

'His sandals were with travel *tore*.'

'The grave-stones, rudely sculptur'd o'er,  
Half-sunk in earth, by time half wore.'

'These executioners were chose  
As men who with mankind were foes.'

*Wan and bare as perfects of to win and to bear and rebuild-  
ed as a participle are at least unusual.*

'The lark sung shrill, the cock he crew.'

'——— the thing  
Was tried, as wont, before the king.'

'But in the glances of his eye  
A penetrating, keen, and sly,  
Suspicion found its home.'—

'And quivers, bows, and shafts—But oh!  
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow—  
Such minstrel lesson to bestow,  
Be long thy pleasing task—but oh!  
No more by thy example teach,' &c.

'He'll say, from youth he lov'd to see  
The white sail gliding by the tree.'

'Scarce by the pale moonlight was seen  
The foldings of her mantle green'—

'If this grey palmer will me lead'—&c.

If it be the allowed privilege of the ballad writer to stoop thus low, if grammar, elegance, and harmony are unnecessary to that species of composition, our objections are nugatory; and we have not only to substitute in lieu of them a caveat against the ballad itself at an æra when the force and harmony of English verse have been ascertained. But there is something mercenary even in the poesy of modern England. The present work appears to have been written by an engagement binding the writer to furnish so many yards of verse, within a certain period, at so much per yard. In the heroic couplet, with all the difficulties which it imposes of an elevation in thought and expression, and variety of modulation, the thing was not feasible. The verse of eight syllables, or blank verse, are the only resources in such an extremity, and the former was only preferred as excellent in comparison with the latter. This metre was very probably selected by Gay as the vehicle for a light fable of a few lines. It is in general the metre most adapted

to the namby-pamby, and, however well chosen by the author for the purpose of performing his contract within the time, certainly afforded him no room for that variety of cadence which dwells so sweetly on the ear, which melts the heart, and fastens itself with the force of a sentiment on the memory. From a consciousness of its poverty, the author frequently varies it (always for the worse) in the romance. Not all the nuisances, which are supposed to assail the enraged musician of Hogarth, are more grating to the ear than the following attempt at varying the metre.

' Ever he said that close and near,  
A lady's voice was in his ear,  
And that the priest *he* could not hear,  
For that she ever sung,

In the lost battle, borne down by the flying  
Where mingled war's rattle with notes of the dying,  
So the notes rung.'

Neither do we think the poem much enriched by the insertion of such a curiosity, as

' How the fierce Thirwalls and Ridleys all  
Stout Willimonidswick  
And Hardriding Dick  
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o'the wall,  
Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh  
And taken his life at the Deadman's-shaw.'

One prominent feature in the style of this poem, is that of excessive simplicity. It might be expected that the Lord Heron, after greeting Sir Marmion with a discharge of artillery, would have saluted him at his entrance in a strain of correspondent grandeur.

' Then stepped to meet that noble lord  
Sir Hugh the Heron bold,  
Baron of Trisel, and of Ford,  
And captain of the Hold.  
He led lord Marmion to the Deas,  
Raised o'er the pavement high,  
And placed him in the upper place  
They feasted him full high,' &c.

The four first lines remind the reader strongly of the titles and honors belonging to the redoubted train-band captain

John Gilpin. The language in either instance is equally elevated. The pretty nursery song chaunted by lady Heron is another illustration of the simple.

There are doubtless in the work some few passages which more especially when compared with the surrounding flats, are elevated. The despair of Constance after having addressed the conclave, is impassioned and affecting.

' Fixed was her look, and stern her air,  
Back from her shoulders streamed her hair ;  
The locks, that wont her brow to shade,  
Stared up erectly from her head ;  
Her figure seemed to rise more high ;  
Her voice despair's wild energy  
Had given a tone of prophecy.  
Appalled the astonished conclave sat.  
With stupid eyes the men of fate  
Gazed on the light inspired form,  
And listened for the avenging storm,' &c.

The tribes of which the Scottish army consists are happily described :

' Next Marmion marked the Celtic race,  
Of different language, form, and face,  
A various race of *man* ;  
Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,  
And wild and garish semblance made,  
The chequer'd trows, and belted plaid,  
And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd  
To every varying clan.  
Wild through their red or sable hair  
Look'd out their eyes with savage stare  
On Marmion as he pass'd,  
Their legs above the knee were bare,  
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,  
And hardened to the blast.

These two passages, with the death of Marmion, and last attentions of Clara, appear to us by far the most spirited and finished in the whole work. Others may be found possessing different degrees of merit. But their excellence does not exceed what ought to be the general excellence of a whole poem ; and hence it will of course be inferred, that the most finished parts should soar far beyond it.

The author, by a strange fatality, seems to have mistaken want of harmony for wildness. Had he been dealing with

the soft and liquid languages of the South of Europe, instead of one which is proverbially rugged, he could not have been more at his ease in the arrangement and choice of his words. An unusual rudeness is the characteristic failing in his verse, which from its structure discourages all attempts at superior excellence. From this difficulty he has endeavoured to escape by introducing a change of metre. It is not however in change of metre, but in a judicious change of cadence under the direction of an ear fine in itself, and attuned by long practice, that true and pure harmony consists. And hence it happens, that sixty couplets of Dryden afford a greater variety of modulation, than all the distempered, disorderly, and almost fortuitous transitions that are here attempted.

On the appearance of that poem which conferred a well-earned celebrity on Mr. Scott, the subject was new to the public, and the correct delineation of dark times, of men half barbarous, and of places unsung by any good poet took them by surprise. But the subject is not so fruitful as the author seems to imagine. There is hardly a description in the present work which has not its counterpart in the Lay of the last Minstrel; and the comparison is always in favour of the former work. Should the subject be taken up again, it will be only treading over the same ground once more, when it has ceased to have any further interest from novelty. The public have already got in possession of a secret, which, had it not been divulged too broadly in the present work, might have been for ever a secret. For this reason we should rejoice to see an author of a genius so transcendent adopt a tone and manner consistent with the powers of his mind, and enlist himself in the cohort of regular and polished English poets.

He has every encouragement to proceed. Even the three ungainly volumes containing the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and "all that reading which was never read," became highly lucrative to the compiler; and his Ballads, which, with the exception of Lord Ronald, are of questionable merit, were admitted into libraries.

It is said that the Mars of Marlborough, and the Muse of Pope, were gold, neither do we wish to divert Mr. Scott from his ardent pursuit of what is highly convenient; but he would do well to consider a stipend honourable only when the services of the receiver are proportionable to his rewards. He is doubtless not one of that

"Simple race who waste their toil,  
For the vain tribute of a smile."



Indeed he has deserved, by one good poem, and has obtained a reward far more substantial; and, in return, he owes to his country his endeavours to promote the cause of good sense, good poetry and good taste under the sanction of his name, rather than his example in aiding and abetting every offender who rises in arms against the few salutary restrictions on English literature, which may yet withhold our poesy from utter barbarism.

Of the notes it will be sufficient to say, that they make up 126 quarto pages, which was probably all that was intended by the author. The odour of gain is indeed sweet!!

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ART. V.—*A Letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, on the Danger of interfering in the Religious Opinions of the Natives of India; and on the Views of the British and Foreign Bible Society as directed to India. By Thomas Twining, late Senior Merchant on the Company's Bengal Establishment. 3d Edition. Ridgway. 1807.*

ART. VI.—*Observations on the present State of the East India Company; with prefatory Remarks on the alarming Intelligence lately received from Madras, as to the general Disaffection prevailing amongst the Natives of every Rank, from an Opinion that it is the Intention of the British Government to compel them to embrace Christianity; the Proclamation issued by the Governor and Council on this Subject; and a Plan, humbly submitted to the Consideration of his Majesty's Ministers, the East India Company, and the Legislature, for restoring that Confidence which the Natives formerly reposed in the Justice and Policy of the British Government, as to the Secularity of their Religion, Laws, and local Customs. By Major Scott Waring. 4th Edition. Ridgway. 1808.*

ART. VII.—*A Letter to the Rev. John Owen, A. M. in Reply to the brief Strictures on the Preface to Observations on the present State of the East India Company; to which is added, a Postscript, containing Remarks on a Note printed in the Christian Observer for December, 1807. By Major Scott Waring. Ridgway. 1808.*

ART. VIII.—*A Reply to a Letter addressed to John Scott Waring, Esq. in Refutation of the illiberal and unjust*  
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402 *Eight Pamphlets on the Missionary Exertions in India.*

*Observations and Strictures of the anonymous Writer of that Letter. By Major Scott Waring. 8vo. Ridgway. 1808.*

ART. IX.—*An Address to the Chairman of the East India Company, occasioned by Mr. Twining's Letter to that Gentleman on the Danger of interfering in the Religious Opinions of the Natives of India, and on the Views of the British and Foreign Bible Society as directed to India. By the Rev. John Owen, M.A. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.*

ART. X.—*A Letter to John Scott Waring, Esq. in Refutation of his Observations on the present State of the East India Company, with prefatory Remarks on the pretended alarming Intelligence lately received from Madras, of the assumed general Disaffection amongst the Natives, &c. with Strictures on his illiberal and unjust Conduct towards the Missionaries in India. 8vo. Hatchard. 1808.*

ART. XI.—*A few Cursory Remarks on Mr. Twining's Letter to the Chairman of the East India Company. By a Member of the British and Foreign Bible Society. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.*

ART. XII.—*A Letter to the President of the Board of Control on the Propagation of Christianity in India; to which are added, Hints to those concerned in sending Missionaries thither. 8vo. Hatchard. 1807.*

WE consider religious truth, when perceived by the mind, when cherished by the heart, and practised in the life, to be synonymous with happiness. The diffusion of *such truth* must be regarded as one of the noblest exertions of philanthropy. We venerate christianity as containing religious truth in its utmost purity and perfection; and we should accordingly rejoice to see its influence as universal as the air which we breathe. Christianity contains in itself a highly diffusive principle; which is found in the agreeableness of its doctrines to the nature of man. The more the human intellect is improved by culture and reflection, the better soil will be afforded for the reception of the spotless doctrine which Christ inculcated in his precepts and exemplified in his life. Christianity is better fitted for man in his highest state of intellectual improvement than in a state of comparative ignorance and barbarism. If, therefore, in any of the remarks which we may be induced to make on some of the publications which are enumerated above, we seem at all hostile to the efforts

which have been lately made for propagating christianity in the East Indies, it is because we are convinced that the religious system, which the missionaries have been endeavouring to establish in that quarter, is not christianity, but something as opposite to that heavenly doctrine as darkness is to light. Christianity is a religion of love; but the doctrine which these deluded men have been teaching to the peaceful Hindoos is a system of bitterness and dissention. According to the expression of one of their own number their object is not to impart *peace* but a *sword*. Christianity is a highly rational service; but that spurious species of it, which these men have been endeavouring to impose upon the Hindoos, is a compound of the most monstrous incongruities.—Christianity affords the strongest encouragements to the practice of moral virtue; but that barbarous jargon which these fanatics have been labouring to disseminate, stimulates to vice by the argument of necessity and the prospect of impunity. For the primary principles which they impress are,—that man has an irresistible disinclination to good and propensity to evil; that all manner of iniquity is as much his passion as meat or drink;—that if he be accepted of the Deity, that acceptance has no reference to any exertions of virtue, or any qualifying habits of benevolence; that all moral performances are filthy rags; and that the punishment due to every transgressor has already been amply discharged by the sufferings of another person who is sometimes represented as a god and at others as a man; and who is sometimes said to possess the identity both of God and man.—Thus the Hindoos, if they ever should embrace the system, which is endeavoured to be forced down their throats by the clamorous importunity of these fanatics, will be furnished with the most potent stimulant to every vice; and, at the same time, with the most effectual opiate to still the remorse of conscience and to harden the individual in the commission of sin. Christianity, in that spotless purity in which it came from heaven before it was corrupted by fraud and perverted by ignorance, teaches that there is but ONE GOD, who is no respecter of persons; but who will render to every man in every nation under heaven good or evil according to the good or the evil of his doings.—But these emissaries of mischief and agents of delusion cross the equator in order to teach the worshippers of the Koran and the Sastrah that the SUPREME, the all-wise, the righteous God, makes no more distinction between vice and virtue than a blind man between black and white; and that if he shews any preference to one more than

the other, it is not because the one is bad and the other good, because the one is just and the other fraudulent, because the one is benevolent and kind and the other cruel and hard-hearted, but because it is his arbitrary decree, uninfluenced by any *moral distinctions*, that the one should be saved and the other damned. This is plainly and briefly the *pious* system which these fanatics are traversing sea and land in order to diffuse both over land and sea. But such a system, like the poison of that Pharasaical hypocrisy which our Saviour so much reprov'd, is sure when it has been artfully instilled into the conscience to render the convert ten times the child of iniquity more than he was before. We think that Mr. Twining and Major Scott Waring, by endeavouring to expose the danger and the folly of attempting to disseminate this *spurious and vitiated christianity* among the Mahomedan and Hindoo subjects of the British empire in India, have rendered a most acceptable service to their country, and have acted as true friends to the peaceful natives of Hindostan. As we have never been in India ourselves we cannot state any thing from personal observation respecting the morals of the Hindoos, their observance of truth, justice and humanity; but we are convinced that these sacred principles, *which are the essence of religion*, cannot be more effectually counteracted by any superstition under heaven, whether embraced by the worshippers of Mahomed, Zoroaster or Confucius, than by the blasphemous impieties which are dispersed by the pestilential breath of these wandering fanatics. Instead of love, instead of peace, and instead of joy, which are the fruits of true religion, they are disseminating among the Mahomedans and Hindoos nothing but rancour, strife, hate and woe. Better would it be to leave Mahomedans and Hindoos to themselves and to let them worship God in their own way than to send such a scourge among them and call it, O profanation of that sacred name! the gospel of salvation!!!—

The spirit of conversion, which has passed over into India, has not one point of resemblance with the spirit of Jesus. It has none of his meekness, his gentleness, his humility, his discretion;—it is all turbulence and pride. It is not a spirit, which has been kindled at the altar of philanthropy, but which has been set on fire by the lust of spiritual domination. It is a spirit of proselyting intolerance rather than holy but charitable zeal. Major Scott Waring appears to us to have fully proved that such is the spirit of the present missionaries in Hindostan; and his numerous opponents, from the polished Mr. Owen to his coarsest anonymous revi-

lers, have not been able to produce any thing like a satisfactory refutation of his arguments. They have not been able to shew that the present attempt to propagate *methodism* (for we cannot honour it so far as to call it *Christianity*) in India, is consistent either with a wise and liberal policy, or that it is likely to have any other effect than to generate an utter abhorrence of the British name throughout the whole of that vast continent; and to put a sword into the hands of the natives to be employed against ourselves.

With respect to the peril and impolicy of the attempt to transform the grave Mahomedan and the gentle Hindoo into a body of sullen and canting methodists, let us first hear the sentiments of Mr. Twining, who from a very early period of his life has been conversant with the habits and opinions of the natives of India.

‘The religious opinions,’ says Mr. Twining, ‘of the natives of India, is a subject on which my feelings are particularly alive, not merely from the interest I take in whatever relates to the happiness of the natives, but from my extreme apprehension of the fatal consequences to ourselves, from any interference in their religious opinions. Indeed, Sir, almost all my fears for the safety of our Indian possessions rest upon this point. Of the chances of war, of any partial disaffection to our government in matters merely of a civil or political nature, I have no very serious dread. The prudence or power of our governments abroad, as long as they can be aided by the maritime superiority of this country; will, I trust, be able to restore tranquillity in such cases. But, a convulsion proceeding from religious sources, no human efforts may be able to subdue. Notwithstanding the extraordinary observation of Mr. Buchanan, that the natives are not particularly attached to their religious opinions, I will venture to say, that there is not, in the world, a people more jealous and tenacious of their religious opinions and ceremonies, than the native inhabitants of the East. Sir, the people of India are not a political, but a religious people. In this respect, they differ, I fear, from the inhabitants of this country. *They* think as much of their religion, as *we* of our constitution. *They* venerate their Shastah and Koran, with as much enthusiasm as *we* our Magna Charta.

‘As long as we continue to govern India in the mild and tolerant spirit of christianity, we may govern it with ease: but if ever the fatal day shall arrive, when religious innovation shall set her foot in that country, indignation will spread from one end of Hindostan to the other; and the arms of fifty millions of people will drive us from that portion of the globe, with as much ease as the sand of the desert is scattered by the wind.



The tremendous mutiny at Vellore in 1806, which seemed to threaten in its consequences the extermination of every Englishman in India, which originated in a very inconsiderate interference of the government with the peculiar customs of the natives, is supposed not to have been uninfluenced by religious considerations. The indiscreet conduct of the missionaries had caused the opinion to be widely disseminated and generally received that the English government intended to force the Mahomedans and Hindoos to renounce the religion of their forefathers, and to embrace Christianity. An undeniable proof that this opinion had become very prevalent is, that in December, 1806, the governor of Madras was obliged to issue a proclamation in order to appease the ferment which it had occasioned in the native troops. From this proclamation we extract the following :

‘ The Right Hon. the Governor in Council, having observed that in some late instances an extraordinary degree of agitation has prevailed among several corps of the native army of this coast, it has been his Lordship’s particular endeavour to ascertain the motives which may have led to conduct so different from that which formerly distinguished the native army. From this inquiry it has appeared that many persons of evil intention have endeavoured, for malicious purposes, to impress upon the native troops a belief that it is the wish of the British Government to convert them by forcible means to Christianity; and his Lordship in Council has observed with concern that such malicious reports have been believed by many of the native troops.

‘ The Right Hon. the Governor in Council therefore deems it proper in this public manner to repeat to the native troops his assurance, that the same respect which has been invariably shewn by the British Government for their religion and for their customs will be always continued; and that no interruption will be given to any native, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, in the practice of his religious ceremonies.’

But so deep was the impression which had been produced on the minds of the Hindoos, by the unpardonable indiscretions of the missionaries, that the government of the company intended to proscribe their ancient faith in order to make way for a new, that this proclamation was not sufficient to still the jealous apprehensions of the people. ‘ As late as March, three months after the date of the proclamation, so universal was the dread of a general revolt amongst our native troops, that *the British officers attached to the native corps constantly slept with loaded pistols under their pillows* ! Such

has been the effect of *evangelical preaching* among the natives of India! Religious prejudices are of all others the most difficult to overcome; and when indiscreetly and inconsiderately opposed, the most likely to inflame all the angry and malevolent passions of the heart. But the turbulent and frantic missionaries, most of whom have been nurtured in the hot-bed of Calvinistic intolerance, would think it derogatory to their spiritual pride to pay any thing like even a *decent* respect for the deep-rooted and long-established prejudices of the people whom they had determined to convert. They had no sooner set their feet on the peninsula of India than they hastened to destroy both root and branch of the national superstition, without once considering that this could not be done without the total extermination of the people. But in the gloomy views of a haughty, self-opinionated and intolerant fanatic, who has nothing but grace in his mouth and nothing but persecution in his heart, the conversion of a single individual to the external profession of his irrational dogmas would be cheaply purchased by the destruction of thousands.—‘The antiquity of the Gentoo civilization, laws, religion, and customs, fortified by the *invincible attachment* which it produced in the people, had in *all ages* procured the political attention, if not the respect of the most ferocious and barbarous of its various conquerors. However the people were oppressed or pillaged their prejudices in this respect were sacred and inviolate!’—Even the Mahomedan conquerors, who entered India with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, found it impossible to vanquish the religious obstinacy of the Hindoo, either by persuasion or by force. They found the bigotry of the Hindoo, if bigotry it may be called, more than a match for their own; and they soon learned that it was better to respect the opinions of the Hindoos than vainly to spill their blood in attempting their conversion:—‘It is not,’ says Major Scott Waring, ‘by our trifling European force that we have retained the British empire in India, for more than forty years, but by our invariable attention to the natives as to their religion, laws and local customs.’—From this sober policy we ought never to have receded in affording any encouragement to these busy conceited and imperious missionaries, who have landed on the coast of Malabar and Bengal, inebriated with the fumes of Calvinistic superstition.

In 1793 Mr. Wilberforce proposed to introduce into a bill for the renewal of the company’s charter, two clauses, for the establishment of free schools throughout India, and another for the appointment of missionaries to christianize the natives. The bishop of London supported similar clauses in

the House of Lords; but they were rejected in both houses. In the House of Lords the late bishop of St. Asaph, Dr. Horsley, was strongly against the measure; and he contended that the command which Christ delivered to his apostles to preach the gospel to all nations, did not apply to us. The apostles were gifted with miraculous powers, expressly for the purpose; but that extraordinary commission ceased when the powers by which it was attested, were withdrawn. Our religious opinions are not very much in unison with those of Dr. Horsley; but we think that, on this occasion, his sentiments are deserving of great deference and respect. Though the proselyting system, which had been proposed by Mr. Wilberforce and the bishop of London, was negatived by both houses of parliament, yet Dr. Buchanan, an *evangelical* minister, was sent to Bengal and Dr. Kerr, a gentleman of similar tenets, to Madras. These gentlemen have cordially cooperated in all the schemes of the enthusiastic missionaries who have since found their way into India.

Let us hear what Major Scott Waring, who is certainly well acquainted with the people and the country, thinks of the probable success of these proceedings.—

‘ Dr. Buchanan says, “ Whenever the Mahomedan finds his religion touched he grasps his dagger ”—the fact is undoubtedly true. What man in his senses, therefore, would think of touching a religion professed by fifteen millions of our native subjects? So far from being aided by thirty-five millions of our Hindoo subjects, we have found, by fatal experience, that when their religion is touched they grasp their daggers also. What man of common understanding would touch the religion of either? But Dr. Buchanan conceives, that we are bound to propagate our faith where success is *probable*, it being by no means “ submitted to our judgment, or to our notions of policy, whether we shall embrace the means of imparting Christian knowledge to our subjects or not.” This was precisely the doctrine of the Spaniards and Portugeze when they discovered the New World; and they extirpated millions of unfortunate men in propagating their doctrines by the sword.

‘ I am most confident that success, by circulating our Holy Scriptures, and by encouraging missionaries, so far from being *probable*, would be *impossible*. If there are any public men in England wild enough to conceive the conversion of the natives of India to be *probable*, let them consider what fatal consequences must ensue if their judgment should be erroneous. We have not more than thirty thousand British subjects in all India, to oppose to a population of fifty millions in a general religious insurrection.’

As far as experience can be regarded as the test of truth, it is decidedly adverse to the attempts of the missionaries.

‘ For many centuries, we believe, Christian Missionaries have resided in India with the free consent of the native princes. These men were generally, if not universally, pure in their morals and inoffensive in their conduct, and many of them highly respected by the princes of India, who allowed them to preach the Gospel, and to make as many converts as they could to the Christian religion. Such, however, is the strong attachment, both of Hindoos and Mahomedans, to the religion of their forefathers, that few even, if any, converts were made except of men who were of characters notoriously infamous, and who had forfeited their casts, from a neglect of their religious ceremonies. The writer knew a very worthy Italian priest in Bengal, who had been twenty years a Missionary in India, and who told him that in twenty years he had made but twenty converts, and that those were men of very bad characters. He was so convinced of the strong attachment of the natives to their own religion, as to assure the writer, that on his arrival at Rome he should represent to the Pope the inutility of sending missionaries to India in future. Yet no man was more respected by the natives of Bengal. Mr. Schwartz in Tanjore was equally respected by the Rajah, and by every English gentleman; even the British government owed much to the good offices of Mr. Schwartz during the war with Hyder Ali. This worthy and highly respected man, however, made but very few converts during his long residence in India, and though he was for many years the favourite of the sovereign of Tanjore.’

Notwithstanding the inextinguishable zeal, which *brother Carey, brother Thomas*, with the rest of their *pious fraternity* have displayed, we are told

‘ That they have not made a single Mahomedan convert, and that the very few Hindoos who have been converted, were men of the most despicable characters, who had lost their casts, and took up a new religion because they were excommunicated. Indeed, converts of no other description can be expected from a population of fifty millions, amongst whom the *principle* has been fixed for ages, that the greatest possible disgrace a man can incur, is by departing from the religion of his forefathers.’

In the baptist periodical accounts a pompous representation is given of the conversion of a Bramin by *brother Thomas*.—‘ The substance of the story,’ says Major Scott, ‘ is this :’

‘ A Bramin, named Parbotee, was a man of title, a strict observer of the Hindoo laws, a thorough devotee: that he conceived a Bramin to be *defiled* if he was in the company of this Mr. Thomas, or any other Englishman or Mahomedan. At two o’clock one morning,

this Parbotee awoke his brother Bramin by the vehemence of his cries; and, on the door being opened, Parbotee was found in great agitation. To the inexpressible surprise of the other Bramin, Parbotee called out to have the gospel read to him, and that the Bramin, Chund, would go and pray for him. This he did; and Parbotee, spent the night, with two others, in reading, praying, and singing. About noon he related a very remarkable dream; "In which," says Mr. Thomas, "I have no doubt *at all* but he received divine admonition and instruction." Mr. Thomas, however, expects us to give that credit to his ipse dixit, which Catholics formerly believed due to the word of the Pope alone, for of the *nature of this dream* he does not say a syllable. Then follows the rhapsody to which the clergyman alluded; and I should conceive, that few members indeed, of our church, could read both the account of the conversion, and the rhapsody, without concluding, that Mr. Thomas and his convert were insane. I had the curiosity to inquire after Mr. Thomas and his convert, and I heard that they both died raving mad in Bengal. The same spirit of ridiculous and wild enthusiasm which marks this account of Mr. Thomas, is to be found in the letters of the various sectarian missionaries in India, mixed up with abuse of the *Romanists*, as Dr. Kerr calls them, whenever they happen to fall in their track. Those who will take the trouble, as I have done, to wade through the Reports of the sectarian Missionary Societies, will find them filled with similar trash to that which I have copied; but of *success* in making converts I can find nothing.

As no person can go to India without previous permission from the Company, the reader may wonder how *brother Carey* and the other *brethren* found their way into that land of *proselyting promise*. The two first carriers of the *gloomy tidings* of methodism stole into the country under the cover of a Danish vessel without the consent or knowledge of the Company.—In 1806 two English missionaries were smuggled into Calcutta in an American ship, in defiance of all legal prohibitions.—But we are not at all surprised when we hear that *evangelical* missionaries begin preaching the gospel by *breaking the law*.—Indeed they have been so little scrupulous in this particular, and their doctrine is naturally calculated to do so much mischief, than the governor of Ceylon has lately found it necessary, in order to preserve the peace of the island, to expel every missionary from the limits of his jurisdiction. Were the governor of Bengal to follow his example we believe that it would greatly contribute to the security and the permanence of the English sovereignty in the East.

As a proper means of accelerating the spiritual conversion of the fifty millions of Mahomedans and Hindoos that con-



stitute the population of Hindostan, Dr. Buchanan, the *evangelical* clergyman and vice-provost of the college of Calcutta, recommends the erection of an ecclesiastical establishment in India, to consist of an archbishop, three bishops, and a numerous host of subaltern divines. We have no doubt that brother Carey would be well pleased to strut in lawn; and to be one of the pillars of this sumptuous establishment. But we must doubt whether the *evangelizing* spirit of brother Carey, or even of brother Thomas, had he not unfortunately been carried off in a fit of mania, would survive the blushing honours of episcopal consecration. Indeed if the turbulence of the missionaries be not laid at rest by more compulsory methods, we should strenuously advise the incorporation of their numbers in an ecclesiastical establishment.—This would probably have the effect of charming into soft repose the present convulsive inquietude of their pernicious zeal.—For a proselyting zeal is not the characteristic of establishments, but of sectaries and dissidents.—The gratifications of opulence, and the subtraction of all the common stimulants to exertion infuse a *vis inertia* into a religious establishment, which in general renders the ministers very indifferent with respect to the refutation of error or the propagation of truth.—The present state of Ireland will furnish a convincing proof of this assertion.—In Ireland we have a rich establishment, composed of archbishops, bishops, deans, prebends and other beneficed ecclesiastics. But instead of this learned and well-appointed body being inflamed with any thing like a proselyting zeal, a listless apathy seems to pervade the walls of the churches, chapels, and cathedrals. Thus we find that the converts to the doctrine of the establishment are rather diminishing than increasing in numbers.—The catholics, who, instead of being an established are a persecuted sect, constitute three-fourths of the population, and even the presbyterians are more numerous than the members of the establishment. If, therefore, an ecclesiastical establishment were instituted in India, we believe that its effects would, by no means, correspond with the intentions of the projectors.—Even the purple of mitred bishops would have no influence in attracting either the Mahomedan or the Hindoo, into the sanctuary of the church. Nor can that slow process of conversion which defies even the zeal of indefatigable sectaries be expected to be accelerated by the indolence of a voluptuous hierarchy. But in the present state of India, it appears to us that the passive indolence of sleek and opulent dig-

nitaries is more to be desired than the irrational and obstreperous activity of lean, querrulous, and tumultuous fanatics. We should therefore have no objection to see *brother Carey* garnished with archiepiscopal lawn, provided the dress would smother the effervescing zeal of his disordered brain. But of this we are well convinced that while the luminous simplicity of the religion of Christ is enveloped in a mass of scholastic absurdity and inexplicable mysteries, it will never make any way against the prejudices of the Mahomedans or the Hindoos, whether it be inculcated by the inebriated ardour of missionaries or the languid sobriety of an establishment. The Portuguese lost their dominion in India by the excessive absurdity and bigotry of their priests, who conceived with Dr. Buchanan (and *brother Carey*) that no consideration of policy should prevent them from propagating the Christian faith. Let their example teach us discretion.

All persons are agreed, that to send emissaries into an independent state for the express purpose of rendering the people discontented with their civil institutions is atrocious and perfidious hostility. It will be difficult to shew that there is any essential difference between this attempt, and that of dispatching missionaries to Turkey, to China, to the Brazils, or the territory of any foreign power to incite the people to abandon the religious institutions of the government under which they live. Both attempts are acts of insidious hostility, under whatever pretexts of philanthropy they may be veiled. Suppose that a society of zealous Mahomedans in the dominions of the Grand Signior should take compassion on the ignorance of the truth under which they thought that we laboured, and should dispatch their missionaries into our villages to abuse our ecclesiastical establishment, to stir up the people against their regular pastors, to make them forsake the worship of their forefathers, to disperse tracts representing the institution of tithes, &c. &c. as an act of impious oppression, would not our government resent the conduct of any state that should endeavour to import such *propagandists* among us? Will the government of China thank us for attempting to stir up the people against the religious observances of their ancestors? What right can we claim to intermeddle in the religious any more than in the political concerns of other states? Do we pretend a commission from heaven for the purpose? If we have such commission let us, as the apostles did, work miracles to attest it. Till we can do this let us follow the scriptural exhortation, *to be quiet and mind our own business*. We have enough to do at home. Our own political and

moral improvement will furnish sufficient employment for our time without an officious interference in the spiritual interests of other states with which we have no concern. It is not our business to decide whether the Almighty may not be best pleased with a diversity of religions; and at least it seems probable, as Dr. Paley has anticipated us in remarking, that such a diversity is well adapted to vary the modes of trial in this probationary world. According to the intimations of scripture every individual, according to the degree of moral knowledge which he possesses, is a law to himself, and according to his conformity to this law, to which his conscience, as St. Paul says, bears witness, will he be recompensed hereafter. The heathen will not be judged by a law which they do not know, but *according to the moral knowledge which they have*. God will recompense every man according to his works whether he be Christian or infidel. Let us not blaspheme the justice and the goodness of God by adopting a contrary supposition. The whole substance of christianity, instead of being a compound of uncertain doctrines, consists in doing to others as we would that others should do to us. This was the declaration of Christ himself, and he is no true follower of Christ who makes Christianity consist in any thing else. This only pure species of Christianity is that spiritual worship of God in the mind, the heart and life, which has all the characters of universality; and which is suited to the exigencies of every nation under heaven. This species of adoration, which absorbs the selfish in the social feelings, and causes all the kind and generous sympathies to become the constant inmates of the soul, is the only species of religion with which we are acquainted, that can excuse the busy ardour of proselyting zeal. But this is not the religion which is taught by those makers of mischief and fomenters of strife who have gotten by stealth into Hindostan. The religion which they teach, instead of having its basis in the unvitiated sympathies of our nature, is rather a libel on our common humanity, on the religion of Christ, and the moral government of God.

The only use of religion is to make men better than they would otherwise be; but has that absurd and mystic jargon which is noised abroad by Dr. Buchanan and brother Carey any tendency to do this? Is it not on the contrary more calculated to deteriorate than to improve? Does it not infuse the rancour of intolerance into the heart? Does it not tend to chill its kinder feelings, to paralyze its beneficent exertions, and to render it selfish, cruel and unjust? For the purpose of gratifying the sordid vendors or the frantic votaries

of such an anti-christian system, are we to risk the safety of an empire? Is this the way either to serve God or to benefit man? If it be incumbent on us to adopt any system of religious proselytism in our eastern settlements, of which we do not at present see the necessity, let it not be that corrupt and adulterate christianity which is known by the name of methodism, but that beautiful code of moral duty which Jesus himself inculcated in his precepts, exemplified in his life, and ratified by his resurrection. Instead of assaulting the ears of Mahomedans and Hindoos with indefinite and ambiguous terms, which they cannot understand, let us rather teach them how the precept of doing as they would be done by applies to all the practical relations and diversified circumstances of human existence; while we persuade them that the conformity of the life to this immortal rule is the safe and pleasant way to glory and happiness beyond the grave. In such instructions as these which would not *with unhallowed zeal* revile the creed of their forefathers, which would not offer any unbecoming violence to their ceremonial observances, there might be wisdom; but in the *present mode* of proceeding there is nothing but foolishness. No conversions are made, but of such persons as are a disgrace to any system of worship, whether it be offered to the supreme being in the Mahomedan, the Hindoo, or the Christian form. According to the accounts of Major Scott Waring, the only converts whom the missionaries have made, with all their industry and zeal, do not exceed a few score of profligates, whom even the morality of the Hindoos has caused them to disown.

As knowledge is progressive, we have no doubt that error of every species will finally be vanquished; and that truth and only truth will prevail. Hence we firmly believe that the christian system, when divested of all the idolatrous superstitions and polluted mixtures with which it has been contaminated in the lapse of ages, will know no other boundary than that of the sentient and intellectual world. But we think that christianity is more likely to be propagated by being left to the natural course of events, to the progress of reason, and to the slow and silent but certain operation of second causes, which are always under the controul of providential influence, than by the *forcing* methods and proselyting impatience of man. Christianity, which is the product of the purest, most dispassionate, elevated and comprehensive intellect, is likely to be more generally embraced as men become rational and better acquainted with the true constituents of happiness and with the moral constitution of

the world. We cannot suppose but that intellectual light, which is daily becoming more resplendent in Europe will gradually be communicated to the remotest quarters of the world; and that the Mahomedans and Hindoos of the east, notwithstanding the obstructions which antient superstition may have accumulated, will gradually partake of the genial ray. The progress of human improvement, like most of the great processes of nature, is slow, but since the invention of the press, which is the most efficacious instrument of all intellectual proficiency, we entertain no apprehensions of its ever again becoming retrograde. Instead of having recourse to the clamorous tongues of turbulent missionaries let us whenever a fit opportunity may arrive, employ no other engine than this for the conversion of the heathen. This is capable of working all the good which we can desire, without calling in the officious oratory of *brother Carey* to tell the peasantry of Bengal that *he is not come to send peace among them but a sword.*

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ART. XIII.—*Faulkener: a Tragedy, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By William Godwin.*  
8vo. 2s. 6d. Phillips. 1807.

MANY of Mr. Godwin's lighter works are rendered interesting by a peculiarity, which, in our opinion, has in its favour a stronger recommendation than mere novelty. Love, from time immemorial the universal agent in plays and novels, is by him discarded. With that confidence in his own powers, which he has in many respects an undoubted right to assume, and with that affectation of singularity which marks the school of which he is at the head, he determined to divest himself of that stale and worn-out machinery, without whose assistance the prolific ladies of the Minerva Press would be seized with a general and incurable barrenness. The production of Mr. Godwin, to which we particularly allude, is that most interesting of novels, *Caleb Williams*. We are far from defending the numerous faults and extravagancies of that work, and still less its morality, which is liable to every objection. We should be the foremost to exclaim against the pernicious tendency of the writings of Mr. Godwin and Mrs. Godwin, and the whole *posse comitatus* of the Godwinians, were it not, that the glaring absurdity of their new-invented notions furnishes in itself an antidote to the poison they contain. But we know



of no novel that so forcibly arrests, and so unceasingly keeps up the attention of the reader, as the one we have just mentioned. We know of no hero of a fictitious, and we may add, improbable tale, in whose dangers and misfortunes we take so unvarying an interest. The mind never tires, the attention never flags, the feelings never relax. By a masterly delusion, which is assuredly the perfection of novel-writing, the author has contrived, as it were, to identify his hero with the reader, and to make every person palpitate with anxiety, throb with fear, or start into energy, as if he himself were the subject of the adventure of which he reads. We feel not a livelier concern in Homer's battles, than in the dangers, the exertions, the escapes of Caleb Williams. But Homer, to compare great things with small, produced in the decline of life, another monument of genius, which, if not equal to the efforts of his earlier years, may yet be compared to the evening sun, whose magnitude remains unimpaired, though shorn of the intensity of its splendor; and if we trace in it the symptoms of old age, it is still the old age of Homer. Far otherwise Mr. Godwin. His vigour is gone, and his spirit evaporated. We could not have supposed that the energetic mind which gave birth to Caleb Williams, should ever have driven over Faulkener. The only characteristic of Mr. Godwin, that distinguishes this insipid performance, is, that no part of the plot is founded on love. The common-places of a whining lover, and a pining damsel, are not to be found in the play before us. But unfortunately, nothing better is substituted in their place. All is vapid dullness, and unenlivened insipidity. The countess Orsini is an English lady, whose husband fell at the battle of Worcester, leaving to her care an infant son. The king, (for how could he do less?) applied himself to 'comfort the widow of the brave man who had fallen in his cause.' The tears of affliction were soon dried up by the smiles of royalty. Opportunity, a warm constitution, and the advances of a young and handsome monarch, succeeded in undermining the fortress of virtue, which found honour but a feeble guard against such powerful assailants. But let us hear both sides. Mr. Godwin testifies that it was none of those natural causes that operated on his heroine; it was ('similarity of sentiment') that rendered the king agreeable to her, and what is still more strange, it was the 'mutual innocence of their hearts that led to what followed!' This is another notable instance of the attempts of the Godwinians to confound the distinctions of vice and virtue. How

strange it is, that every male character, to which they wish to give celebrity, must necessarily be a scoundrel; and every female—what it would not be decorous in us to name! The countess, however, is made to repent of her crime for a certain time; though it should seem to very little purpose, as she shortly afterwards deceives an honourable man, the count Orsini, by accepting his offers of marriage, without informing him of the circumstances of her frailty. This is the lady who is held up as a pattern of conjugal and maternal perfection, and ‘the rectitude of whose mind is attested by all her thoughts and actions.’ In the mean time her son grows up, takes a military turn, and, consistently with the adventurous spirit of the times, goes to serve against the Turks, at the celebrated siege of Candia. On his return to England after the surrender of that place, he passes with his friend colonel Stanley through Florence, where his mother then resided. She had from his infancy sent him regular remittances of (her husband’s) money, without his having the slightest suspicions of the source from whence he derived these liberal supplies. Of course his curiosity was excited to the highest pitch. He knew that he had a mother, from whom he believed himself to receive them; but he was equally ignorant of her situation and her abode. It had been the business of his life to find her out, and his want of success had overspread him with a cloud of anxiety and sorrow, which he had in vain sought to dissipate in the tumult of war. In his affection for his mother he rivalled the fondness of the most romantic lovers. Amandus and Amanda, whose adventures are so pathetically recorded by Sterne, did not take more pains to find each other, than did Faulkener to recover his mother. Let the reader judge how far the modesty of nature is outstepped in the following delineation of Faulkener’s feelings.

*Faulkener.*

‘ Full sixteen years are past since I beheld her,  
 I was an infant; yet, as if it were  
 But yesterday, I see her smile, her voice  
 Is in my ear. Chiefly the wretched hour  
 That tore her from me, lives within my breast.  
 Her eyes ran o’er with tears, her kisses grew  
 Where she impress’d her lips, she swoon’d, she fell.—  
 But I was young; these bodements of the future,  
 But little struck me. At the hour of noon  
 I thought again to see her—ah! in vain,  
 Another day, and then another follow’d,

E e

And still I look'd and long'd for her return.  
 It seem'd as if the life of life were gone ;  
 I could not use my sports, nor lift my head,  
 Nor smile, nor speak !

*Stanley.*

' Unhappy Faulkener !

*Faulkener.*

' The conduct of my grandsire was perhaps dictated by a desire to relieve me, but it had an opposite effect. He suffered no one to name her to me. All my enquiries were answered by silence. This gave me a habit of reverie, and taught me to think of her but a thousand times the more. Sometimes my fancy painted her in sable garments, and covered with an impenetrable veil ; then I saw her face only, presenting itself in the midst of surrounding darkness. When I was yet but a school-boy stripling, I swore that the first adventure of my manhood, should be the discovery of my mother.

*Stanley.*

' Well have you discharged the engagement. Did you not, two years ago, travel from England to Milan to find her ?

*Faulkener.*

' I was drawn from my native home by a letter without a name. I received it with transport, and hailed it as the beginner of my joys.

*Stanley.*

' Faulkener, I did not wonder that a college-novice, just on the threshold of life, should be occupied in day-dreams ; but I thought that war and peril, contentions with the infidel, and danger among pirates, would have brought you back to the world.

*Faulkener.*

' The habit was rooted before, nor could I wish it otherwise : Often, on the eve of an attack, when others were ruminating the hazards of the coming day, I sat alone, and talked to my mother. On the deep, in the stillness of the moon-light scene, I looked for the shores of Italy, and said, there, in some undiscovered nook, dwells my surviving parent. Other youths, my companions, beguiled their fancies with a mistress ; I made a mistress of my never-to-be approached mother.

*Stanley.*

' These are wild and delirious fancies, Faulkener ; devote yourself to the usefulness and the virtue that is before you.

*Faulkener.*

'Delirium, Stanley! delirium in a child to desire to succour his parent! This is the substance and reality of life!—What means this mystery that obscures my mother's condition? It cannot have a meaning of good; it cannot be the image of her happiness. Perhaps she spends the wane of her days, destitute of the means of comfort and support; perhaps she labours beneath the tyranny of some vile oppressor. Who should be her protector, who avenge her wrongs and cheer her sorrows, but her only son?

*Stanley.*

'Faulkener, I see that in your case argument is vain. Time only can be the healer of such sorrows.'

Lauretta Delmonte is the Lady Olivia of Richardson, overstrained and exaggerated. She had formerly loved, and sacrificed her virtue to Orsini. He deserted her and married the more fortunate English woman, a whisper of whose former frailty reached Lauretta, though Mr. Godwin alone knows how the character of an obscure Englishwoman, who had once been guilty of a peccadillo in Flanders, and had since lived in the greatest retirement in a village at the western extremity of England, neglected by her friends and unknown to the world, could furnish matter of scandal for an Italian tea-table. The jealous Lauretta sets off on the spot for England, ascertains the secluded village, which was the residence of her rival, hastens thither, and easily makes herself acquainted with the whole story, which, by the bye, if it had been so public, might have been expected to reach the ears of the Count before his marriage. She returns to Italy thirsting for revenge:

'Mine,—the spirit that burns within me—is such as the world never knew, and shall be signalized by effects accordingly!—My project is—not that Orsini shall hear what his wife has been—that her crimes shall rise to blast him; that the government, the sovereign, and the whole city of Florence shall witness the scene.'

By a promise of her personal favours (an easy and cheap reward) she hires a villain called Benedetto, to assist her in the prosecution of her purpose. He follows Faulkener to a certain cavern, on an occasion not worth mentioning, provokes him in the execution of his commission, and meets his own death. Faulkener is carried to prison for the murder, and after a more than usual number of mistakes, misunderstandings, and perplexities, by which the author contrives to

make much confusion, without displaying any ingenuity or address, the catastrophe is brought about by the death of the count and countess Orsini, after the latter had made herself and her history known to her son, and been assured of his forgiveness of her youthful errors, as well as of the high opinion he entertains for her "wondrous" virtues!

The name of Mr. Godwin has induced us to devote a few pages to this tragedy, which would otherwise only have obtained as many lines in our Monthly Catalogue. It possesses no dramatic merit. It does not awaken the feelings by any occasional masterly touches, or arrest them by well contrived artifice of plot; it has no moral to correct the judgment or improve the heart; and if it be considered as a literary composition, not one of its scenes is distinguished by aught that can gratify the critic in his closet. It is written in prose, some few parts excepted, which are in verse, as the whole was originally intended to be. But the author, meeting with more restraints than he had expected in a species of writing to which he had never accustomed himself, determined to rid himself of the unnecessary incumbrance, retaining, however, such passages as he had already composed in metre, and "with which he was not wholly displeased," or which, in other words, he thought much too good to be lost. The specimen afforded in the extract which we have thought fit to make, will be sufficient to gratify the curiosity of those who may be desirous to see the figure that Mr. Godwin makes as a poet. As the whole of his exploits in that capacity do not amount to above an hundred lines, it would be superfluous to criticise them.

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ART. XIV.—*The Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales, A.D. 1188, by Giraldus de Barri; translated into English, and illustrated with Views, Annotations, and a Life of Giraldus, by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. F.R.S. F.A.S. 2 Vols. royal 4to. 8l. 8s. On imperial Paper and Proof Plates, 11l. 11s. Millar.*

THE usages and opinions of former times never cease to interest those who love their country, and are attentive observers of the change of customs, and of the sentiments and transactions of their own age. When we are no longer agitated by the dissensions, or blinded by the prejudices of our ancestors, we disarm our virtue of its severity; and view



with compassionate disapprobation those actions which, had they happened in our day, would have excited a much harsher sentiment. When viewing the many remnants of the antient fortress, witnesses to almost forgotten deeds of desperate valour, the mouldering walls which once re-echoed the hymn of praise and thanksgiving, where the afflicted found seclusion and repose, where the immortal works of genius were protected from the firebrand of the barbarian, a momentary feeling of awe and respect supersedes our hatred of oppression and cruelty; and, looking back through the gloom of centuries, superstition itself becomes almost venerable. We envy Sir Richard Hoare the melancholy enjoyment of tracing, year after year, the steps of his favourite author, and of witnessing the progressive ravages of time, which must at length erase every memorial of the interesting piles that in their glory engaged the attention of Giraldus, except what the artist or antiquary has snatched from his grasp.

Excluded by war from the most attractive parts of the continent, it has become the fashion among such of our countrymen as are desirous of all the information and amusement they can obtain, or who are eager to escape from the misery of having nothing to do, to spend the summer months in excursions through the most interesting parts of the united kingdom. If the tourist, (no uncommon case,) possesses such a mind as unhappily denies him any advantage from change of scene and variety of incident, he may comfort himself by reflecting that he would have derived as little from a continental tour, and that foreign nations have not been witnesses of his folly and extravagance. 'To the antiquary whose zeal may induce him to examine and record British and Roman remains,'\* 'to the artist who has an eye that can see nature; a heart that can feel nature; and a resolution that dare follow nature;' a description of pleasure is unfolded incomprehensible to those who search for it 'in crowded ball-rooms, and hot theatres.' Those who are eagerly attached to such pursuits will bear testimony to the serene and placid moments they bestow; enjoyments truly independent, and, whilst we are blessed with health and faculties, beyond the reach of adverse fortune.

In the year of our Lord 1188, Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, undertook a journey through Wales for the service of the holy cross; at Radnor he was met by a great concourse of persons of distinction, among whom was Giraldus, archdeacon of Landieu, who was his first con-

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\* Sir R. Hoare's dedication.

vert, his 'warm assistant in the avowed purpose of his visit to the principality, his constant companion during his progress through the country, and the historian of his expedition. Of this history of Giraldus the principal part of the work before us is a translation, which is rendered more interesting by elaborate notes, describing the remains of those works of art which are cursorily noticed, or fully described, in the original; with engravings of the most remarkable objects; and historical anecdotes, illustrative of events intimately connected with them.

Sir Richard Hoare commences his first vol. with the life of Giraldus, which he concludes with an account of his various manuscripts. 'Giraldus de Barri distinguished by the name of Cambrensis, or the Cambrian, was descended from an illustrious lineage;' he was born about the year 1146, and almost in his infancy gave proofs of his attachment to a religious life, and inclination to literature. His father, observing this disposition, readily indulged it by consigning him to the care of his uncle David Fitzgerald bishop of St. David's, under whom, after showing strong marks of dullness, he became an eminent scholar. From him he went to Paris, where he studied with great credit; here he remained three years, and on his return to England about the year 1172, he entered into holy orders, and soon obtained preferment both in England and Wales; he had now an opportunity of shewing his zeal for the prosperity of the church, which he displayed by complaining to the archbishop of Canterbury of the negligence of the prelates of St. David's in respect to tythes, especially those of cheese and wool, which the Welch never paid. This interference of Giraldus gained him the appointment of legate in Wales, for the purpose of rectifying abuses; and he entered into his office by excommunicating all, without distinction, who refused to pay their tythes: even the governor of the province of Pembroke, who thought his high office under the king a sufficient protection against the anathema of Giraldus, on his refusal to pay tythes and forcibly taking cattle from the priory of Pembroke, shared the same fate as the rest; except that his excommunication was performed with more ceremony. His attention was also directed to the errors of the clergy whom he attempted to *cure* of the sin of marriage; and finding one of them an old archdeacon, who lived openly with his concubine\*, he attempted ineffectually to separate them, and

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\* *Concubine* must here be understood as *wife*. 'He was peculiarly severe against all priests who had wives, calling them concubines.' p. 14.

at length suspended him from his office, to which he was himself soon promoted by the bishop of St. David's; and the uxorious elder provided with a sufficient maintenance for the remainder of his life.

'In discharging the duties of his new dignity of archdeacon, he acted with great rigour, and was involved in frequent disputes and quarrels, in which, according to his own account, he was always in the right, and always victorious!' p. xiv.

A proof of his resolution and spirit, in securing what he thought the rights of his diocese, is recorded in p. xv. He was informed that the bishop of St. Asaph was approaching to dedicate the church of Keri, on the confines of that bishopric, and also of St. David's. Conceiving the latter to have a prior claim to the church in question, he strenuously opposed the bishop on his entrance into the church-yard; where, after a warm debate, each began to excommunicate the other; but by firmness and stratagem the archdeacon got the better, and compelled his antagonist and his train to remount their horses, and secure a hasty dishonourable retreat.

Another instance of perseverance related p. xvii, is much to his honour. A number of his parishioners who had subjected themselves to the sentence of excommunication, expected absolution from him; the night before this was to take place, he slept at a distance from his parish. The appointed day proved so boisterous, and stormy, that the bishop of St. David's strongly advised him to postpone his journey; but he replied 'that on such occasions delays would be dangerous; for those who had been excommunicated were expecting absolution and had promised amendment;' and added, 'that when business demanded attention, it was unmanly to watch the state of the weather upon dry land; and that such a precaution was only allowable to those who had a sea voyage to undertake.'

On the death of his uncle, the bishop of St. David's, he was irregularly elected to that bishopric, much to the displeasure of the king; who objected to Giraldus from fear that the see of St. David's would acquire too much consequence for the honour of that of Canterbury, and even the security of the English crown, if filled by a man of so much worth, ability, and resolution; who was also nearly related to prince Rhys, and to almost all the nobility of South Wales. On this being repeated to Giraldus 'he exclaimed, that such a public testimony and given in such a

place of audience, was more honourable to him than the best bishopric !' He shortly revisited Paris, where he was much admired for eloquence and learning. After a long and studious residence there, he returned to England ; and dining with the prior and monks of Canterbury, he bitterly (and we think very illiberally,) inveighs against their luxury. ' their tables,' says he, ' abounded with numerous and savoury dishes, and with such a variety of the choicest wines, that ale and beer were not allowed to be introduced.' This is telling tales out of school. About the same time being informed that a separation was on the point of taking place between his sister and her husband, who resided in the diocese of Winchester, he exerted all his interest with the archbishop of Canterbury, for the purpose of removing every obstacle to their reunion, who permitted him to make use of his authority in staying the proceedings. Hastening to Southwark where the chapter was sitting, he succeeded in dissolving it ; and had the happiness of effecting a perfect reconciliation between his sister and her husband.

Honours now fell thick upon Giraldus ; and, could he have divested himself of his high birth, Henry the second would have promoted him to the first ecclesiastical dignities. His offensive pride, in all probability, conspired with the policy of Henry, to exclude him from any situation of very high influence and authority. An anecdote, related of him p. xxiii, proves him to have been subject to very uncourtly fits of pride and exultation. The family of prince Rhys, from which Giraldus was descended, was deprived of its inheritance by the house of Clare who possessed its territories for some time, but was at length obliged to restore them to their lawful claimant. At a public conference at Hereford, Rhys was seated at dinner between Wm. de Vere bishop of that see, and Walter, son of Robert, a noble baron, both of whom were descended from the family of Clare ; Giraldus the archdeacon, approached the table, and standing before them, thus facetiously addressed himself to prince Rhys : ' you may congratulate yourself, Rhys, on being now seated between two of the Clare family, and whose inheritance you possess !' We modestly confess our ignorance of the *facetiousness* of this observation, but we perceive something like want of feeling, and obtrusive insolence, in reminding the reconciled Clares of the unfortunate termination of an important and humiliating quarrel. Rhys, who seems to have been what would at this day be called a *gentlemanly* man ; said a very handsome

thing to the Clares on the contest to which Giraldus alluded; and they, fortunately for the repose of the company, returned the prince an echo of his compliment. If the archdeacon's object was (a very natural one for a great orator) by his unwelcome retrospection to raise a storm which, after a proper flight of viands, knives, and trenchers, he meant to allay by his irresistible eloquence, he must have been miserably disappointed at seeing the affair terminate in an exchange of dull and good-natured compliment.

Between 1185 and 1187 Giraldus was appointed tutor to John (afterwards king), had the honour of refusing two Irish bishoprics, and of reading his work on the topography of Ireland to an immense concourse of learned men at Oxford; where he displayed a magnificent spirit in three public entertainments, given 1st. to the poor, 2d. to the doctors and students, and 3d, to the remaining scholars, burghers and militia of the city.

We are now arrived at the event which gave occasion for the writing the Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin by Giraldus, who, as we before noticed, was his constant companion; and having explained to the reader who and what the author was from whom he expects his entertainment, and in what estimation he was held by his contemporaries, we shall in future touch only on such circumstances as illustrate his character and pursuits, and hasten to the more material part of the work.

After inducing such numbers to take the cross, by his eloquence and example, that king John complained that he had drained his county of Pembroke of men, on the death of Henry 2d at whose instance he had taken it, he, like Peter the hermit, whilst 'sounding to others a march,' sounded to himself a retreat; and on the plea of age and poverty obtained absolution from his vows.

Richard joining the crusaders soon after his coronation, appointed him coadjutor in the regency with Wm. de Long Champ bishop of Ely. He again refused two bishoprics, Bangor and Landaff, and finding his hopes of St. David's fruitless, retired to Lincoln, to study theology under Wm. de Monte the chancellor of that diocese at the age of fifty; where he spent six years in severe application, and during that time gave a memorable instance of his benevolence, in selling his best garments to relieve the poor, during a scarcity of provisions.

Giraldus again suffered a severe disappointment of his favourite preferment, and after an appeal to the pope, and many years of litigation and suspense; he was compelled to rest satisfied with the knowledge, that the earnest wishes of



the reigning princes of N. and S. Wales, and the resolute determination of the chapter of St. David's, were in his favour. A most cruel persecution, on apparently frivolous pretences, now commenced against him, which he resisted with great spirit; though in the struggle his friends and countrymen became prejudiced, or corrupted by the court of England. At length, being disgusted with the bad faith and dissolute morals of his brethren and the canons; he resigned his archdeaconry and prebend, in favour of his nephew Philip de Barri.

He passed the last seventeen years of his life in honourable retirement in his native country, revising his former works and composing others. Whilst engaged in these pursuits, the bishopric of St. David's was once more offered to him, but on terms which he deemed dishonourable; he therefore declined it.

'He died at St. David's, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral church.'

Giraldus was certainly an ornament to the dark age in which he lived; had his ambition been less, his life would have been more tranquil, but less glorious, and in some respects less useful. His morality seems to have been rigid, his zeal fervent; but his attendance and support of Baldwin, when engaged in an expedition apparently unfavourable to the independence and dignity of the see whose honour he afterwards guarded with so jealous an eye, and his obtaining absolution of the vow he had made of attending the crusades, when the king at whose instance he took it was dead, prove that it was not always consistent, nor unalloyed with hypocrisy. His vanity was excessive and disgusting; his self-commendations were lavished not only on his acquirements, but on the most arbitrary of the gifts of nature, personal beauty; which he panegyricizes with a laughable complacency. He possessed great penetration, a sound understanding, indefatigable and (when we look at the list of his works) almost incredible industry, an unshaken resolution, a kind and benevolent disposition. His zeal for the church, rather than his superstition, has led him to the relation of many ghostly stories, impeaching his honesty more than his good sense; for he acknowledges his disbelief of some of the things which he has asserted. His vices were the vices of the age in which he lived; and his virtues, among which his firmness in adversity was most conspicuous, were such as excited admiration rather than regard.

A long catalogue of his manuscript works in the several libraries of the British Museum, Lambeth, Oxford, and Cambridge, follows; and then an 'Introduction to the History of Cambria, from the first invasion of Britain by the Romans, to the year 1188, when Archbishop Baldwin made his progress through Wales.'

Many readers will not feel disposed to subscribe to the absolute necessity of this historical introduction, which occupies more than 100 pages. Every thing new and valuable in it might have been condensed into a much smaller space; especially if the author had confined himself to what related only to the country he describes. His distinction between British and Roman antiquities is clear, and deserves the attention of every man of taste or curiosity. The antiquary 'will compare the irregular British ridgeway with the most perfect line of the Roman causeway;' let him cautiously avoid the error into which the generality of writers have fallen by confounding the Roman with the British fortress. Their respective situations are so totally different, that they *ought* never to be mistaken. The hills and mountains throughout North and South Wales abound in British fortresses which are almost always placed on lofty eminences; whilst the Romans as universally selected a *gently elevated* situation near some river,\* and sufficiently open on all sides to prevent any sudden surprize by the enemy.' 'Another certain mark of the Roman camp is its form, which is almost invariably either *square* or *oblong*, with the angles *rounded*, whereas the strong hold of the Britons was very irregular and adapted to the shape of the hill on which it was formed; these had many and deep ditches to defend it, (*them*,) whilst the Romans, depending more on the strength of their legions than of their fortifications, made only a slight rampart to their camps. Another constant attendant on the Roman works is *brick* superior both in colour and texture to that of their own country; with which a great variety of pottery, as well as coins, will frequently be found.' p. cxl.

Sir R. Hoare concludes this part of his work by a very pompous paragraph printed in capital letters, and occupying a whole page, though with a noble 'river of margin,' on every side.

'The history of a brave people struggling for liberty and

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\* Borough-hill in Leicestershire, on which is undoubtedly a Roman fortress, is a notorious exception to this rule: it is the *most abrupt eminence* in that part of the country, and at the distance of several miles from any river.

independence must be interesting to every Briton; but when, on perusing the annals of this nation, we find them stained with a continual detail of the most barbarous acts of rapine, murder, and devastation, that interest and sympathy, which we should otherwise feel for their cause, if guided by justice and humanity, what will this mountain, this volcano of rhapsody disgorge? '*is considerably lessened;*' !!! 'and we no longer lament that a cause conducted on principles so revolting to human nature,' another mountain! *should not have been attended with more prosperous success.*'

In the name of simplicity and good sense (of which the author's style and observations are by no means destitute,) what is the meaning of all this mummery; this stage embroidery? Why are so many hair-erecting words, of gigantic size, conjured up like *raw-head and bloody-bones*, preparing us for sentiments of abhorrence and indignation, to so little purpose? Lord Monboddo (we quote from memory) speaking of the sagacity of animals, observes very shrewdly, 'that if they were properly instructed, and had sufficient care bestowed on them, there is no knowing to what degree of perfection they might be brought.' This decisive and forcible remark of the noble author seems to have been the prototype of the memorable sentence above quoted.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

ART. XV.—*Exodus; an Epic Poem, in thirteen Books.* By Charles Hoyle, M. A. &c. 8vo. pp. 400. 9s. Hatchard. 1807.

WE had the best reasons for expecting, from the invocation with which this poem *secundum artem* commences, a work superior, in a *threefold* ratio, to the *Paradise Lost*, of which it is a professed imitation: since Milton prays for inspiration from the Holy Ghost alone, but Mr. Hoyle ventures to beseech the whole undivided Trinity to listen to his lay.

‘Thou, O Teacher, heard  
In Horeb’s caverns with the Tishbite seer  
Conversing, or beheld on Sion’s hill  
Filling the temple, or at Chebar’s stream  
Chaldaean, by Esaias and the son  
Of Buzi; thou without whose every word  
All light is darkness, and all life is death,  
*Godhead triune!*’ &c. &c.

That we may not be censured for any unbecoming levity on this occasion, we now abandon the ridicule which the obtrusion of such improper cant on the most trifling occasions is, we confess, too apt to excite in our minds, and proceed most seriously to reprehend Mr. H. for the indecency, we had almost said blasphemy, of which he is guilty in this introduction and, *passim*, throughout his poem, of taking the most sacred names in vain, and imploring the aid of the Almighty to consecrate to immortality in heaven, verses, which are worthy of nothing on earth except the damnation of a Seatonian prize. If he allege the example of Milton, in his defence, we answer, in the first place, that he is totally deficient in all that poetical inspiration which animated the labours of his great prototype, and excuses the blind idolatry with which even his most glaring faults are magnified by his admirers into excellence; and secondly, that, so far from thinking even Milton justifiable for the strain of pious mockery which he has himself adopted and bequeathed, like Elijah's mantle, to the whole troop of his canting followers, his only excuse, in our estimation, is to be sought for in the spirit of his age, which made a virtue of breaking the fourth commandment on every possible occasion, at the bar, in the parliament, in the common salutations of good fellowship, in the perpetration of the most enormous crimes, in prose, in verse, in romances and love-letters, political pamphlets and pastoral roundelays. That corrupt and vicious taste has long given way before the progress of civilization and refinement. Good sense has banished it from the councils of state and from the courts of law; and while *wē* possess any rank or influence in the courts of general literature, it shall be our most earnest endeavour to maintain its exclusion from all provinces that lie under *their* jurisdiction.

With regard to the poetical merits of this *devout* performance, we have already dropped a casual hint which is sufficiently expressive of our opinion; but it is still, perhaps, incumbent upon us to justify that opinion by a more minute examination. First then, it will hardly be disputed that the *subject* is in itself unpoetical; although we ought, perhaps, to acknowledge ourselves a little staggered by the extraordinary coincidence of its having been adopted by two other bards at the very same time with Mr. Hoyle. We have been taught from our cradles to reverence the scriptures as the rule of our faith and practice, the voice of unerring truth, the foundation of our morals and our best philosophy. On the other hand, poetry has always been represented to us as the peculiar province, not of truth, but of *imagination*, and as calculated to awaken and gratify all those pleasurable sen-

sations of our nature which owe their source to *that* powerful and seductive principle.

The next question will be as to the mode in which our author's subject, such as it is, has been treated by him. After the exordium, (of which we have given a specimen) the poem proceeds with the denunciation to Pharaoh of the impending plague of flies. The monarch, encouraged by the advice of his magicians, Jannes and Jambres, to despise this divine warning, refuses to release the chosen people. So far we have nothing but a versification, or rather a diffuse and prosaic paraphrase of scripture. Now we advance into the region of fancy. The Egyptians sing a hymn to Abaddon, prince of air, (one of the principal angels who fell with Lucifer.) Abaddon very warmly espouses their cause; but finds, upon enquiry, that he has no power to do any thing for them; and so the plague takes place. Now, since no effect whatever is produced by this flight of Mr. H.'s fancy, but the main business of the poem proceeds just as if it had never occurred, we think he would have done better to go on with his prosaic paraphrase than to mount Pegasus merely for the trouble of alighting again. He tells us that many commentators have been of opinion that it was not literally a plague of *flies* only, but of all sorts of horrible beasts, birds, and fishes, by which the Egyptians were, on this occasion visited. This opinion he has (very injudiciously we think) adopted; and so we are amused with the introduction of four or five pages full of names indiscriminately collected from Buffon or Goldsmith, a space much too small for so extensive a display (which rather deserves a whole epic of itself) but which might have been filled up with some poetical advantage had he confined himself within the obvious limits of the noxious insect tribe. Pharaoh yields. The plague is removed. Pharaoh retracts. The Israelites grumble. Moses preaches. And so ends the first book.

The second (in close imitation of Milton) opens with a convention of the fiends of air in Armageddon, the imperial seat of King Abaddon. Moloch, (but how he came to be a fiend of air we hardly know) outdoes all his outdoings in the *Paradise Lost*. The poor devil has, indeed, experienced a woeful metamorphosis in the interval between Satan's first parliament and the time of Moses. He is now an arrant tavern-bully, and the gloomy grandeur of all his words and actions is exchanged for mere rant and bluster. He is introduced solely for the purpose of challenging a comparison between our author and Milton; for, as soon as he has spoken, seeing that the other devils only laugh at him for



his pains (as well they may), he turns sulky, and plunges himself into a burning pit of brimstone, where he lies for ever after ; just as a child, after being beaten for playing too near the fire, takes up a hot coal, and burns his fingers *out of spite*. Two new characters are then on their legs successively. Prince Semiazas and my Lord Baalsamen, who (like many illustrious personages in our earthly houses of parliament) in a multitude of pretty words and well-trimmed phrases, say exactly nothing.

The conclusion of Semiazas' speech, however, gives the poet an opportunity of introducing a simile which, we apprehend, is no unfavourable specimen of his poetical powers. We have really looked through the poem with as much attention as we can possibly bestow upon it, and have discovered not a single passage which pleases us so well.

‘ His words a gloomy joy diffused,  
Joy kindled with despair, and hoarse applause  
On all sides murmured round. With less uproar  
The northern cape and Zemblian shores resound  
When from the equinoctial mounting glows  
The genial season, and Favonian gales  
Relax old ocean's chain : the swelling tide  
Upheaves the frozen region, and below  
Deep rolls the lengthened thunder, till dispersed  
A thousand chrystal mountains float the main.’ p. 52.

Next, in due scriptural order, comes the plague of murrain among the cattle, where we expected that the poet would not have passed over so good an opportunity of emulating the beautiful description of a similar calamity in the Georgics ; but we were entirely balked in the expectation so naturally raised.

Mr. Hoyle's flights of fancy soon crowd more closely upon us. The beginning of the third book introduces us again to prince Semiazas who, with his hands tied behind him (as he well deserves), is put under guard in the bottomless pit by the archangel Uriel. We are thus brought into company again with one of Milton's most important characters, but we here, as in other places, remark an infinite disparity between him and his great master.

The succeeding books, from the third to the seventh, present us with a continuity of heaviness which is never relieved by any richness of imagery or felicity of expression. In the seventh and eighth books our author endeavours to

amuse us with an episode. Moses relates to Thermutis (the virgin-princess, now grown old, who in her youth preserved him in the bulrushes) the series of his adventures in the land of Midian and on mount Horeb. The argument to this seventh book led us to expect a little pleasing variety in the picture of peaceful retirement and connubial happiness. But though the bill of fare announces 'the marriage of Moses and Zephorah, and the peaceful happiness of their sequestered life,' we can find very little else said about it than that Moses

' From her father claimed  
The not-reluctant bride : consent he gave  
With benediction : nor the reverend age  
Of Raguel less delighted to behold  
Our union : him the messengers of death  
Have borne to happier worlds : but vigorous still  
Jethro remains ; Zephorah yet survives,' &c. &c.

Thermutis, who is at this time, on the point of death, very good-naturedly lives out to the end of his story and then bids him a last adieu. In the ninth book we have more plagues, the locusts, and the darkness. The tenth opens with a yet more daring *competition* than any we have yet noticed. 'A description of Heaven and angels singing praise. The archangel Michael summoned to the more immediate presence of the Almighty,' &c. &c.

Milton is generally allowed to have completely failed in every attempt to describe that which in its very nature is ineffable, the majesty of the most High ; and where Milton has failed, Mr. Hoyle probably may think it no disgrace to have failed also. That he has failed the following lines may testify.

' And Holy, Holy, Holy, they resound,  
Incomprehensible, omniscient lord,  
Which was, and is, and ever is to come !!!'

After such an instance of truly deplorable imbecility, perhaps few readers will wish to know, further, that the eleventh book contains the plague of the first born, that in the twelfth we are presented with the 'glories of the Redemption,' that the thirteenth conducts us safely over the Red Sea, and that the poem thus *concludes*,

' Praise him ; and in his firmament of power  
The Lord shall reign for ever and for ever.

This summary may suffice to shew that, if the subject itself is unattractive, the manner in which it has been treated is not calculated to render it more alluring. The specimens which we have interspersed in our abstract are such as Mr. H. must allow to convey a favourable representation of his powers of language and imagery. If our limits have not permitted us to extract all, or nearly all, those passages in the work on which he would found his pretensions as a poet, candour will oblige him to confess that, had we resorted to the principle of the *sortes virgilianæ* for our examples, and extracted every verse of the first two pages we chanced to open, the result would probably have been, a confirmation, much more ample than we have already given, of our sentence, that the general character of the poem is inanimate, monotonous, flat, and prosaic.

A very few words will now suffice to complete all we have to say on this subject. The perusal of Milton, however calculated to awaken the powers of the imagination and to inform the mind with sublime poetical ideas, has, in our opinion, misled many writers of weak judgment, and been the cause of producing much bad taste and much bad poetry in the world. To a man of strong discriminating sense and original powers of fancy, Milton in common with all

‘The mighty masters of the lay,  
Nature’s just guides, the friends of man and truth,’

presents an inexhaustible treasure the proper use of which must enlarge his views, inform his genius, and animate his heart. But when others, seduced by their blind admiration, think it possible to make amends for the absence of original genius by following with the most scrupulous precision, not the spirit, but the peculiar phrases, the construction, the words, nay (to render the copy more exact) the affected inyersions, the conceits, and the very vices, of their great model, what do such authors deserve but close confinement all the rest of their lives and restriction from the use of every implement of writing? Indeed, Milton is, in our judgment, a poet not capable of being imitated (except in that more general sense of imitation, if it may be called so, according to which even original poets may be said to imitate.) He has himself ‘passed the flaming bounds of time and space,’ but as soon as he passed, the doors were for ever closed against all who should attempt to follow him. Imitate Dryden; imitate Spenser,

Pope, Cowley, or Waller; and you may produce a poem, even though an imitation, worthy of being read if not of being studied; but if you have any hope of future fame, beware of imitating Milton, and, above all, reflect more than once before you become a competitor for the Seatonian prize.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

### RELIGION.

ART. 16.—*A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter, York, before the Hon. Sir Soulden Lawrence, Knight, one of the Justices of the Court of King's Bench, March 6th, 1808, by the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M.A. F.R.S. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Printed at the Request of the High Sheriff, and the Gentlemen of the Grand Jury. 4to. 2s. 6d. Mawman. 1808.*

AFTER a well merited, elaborate, and glowing eulogy on the judicial constitution of this country, Mr. Wrangham delineates the political and social uses of religion, and concludes with enforcing the necessity of inculcating what he calls the *peculiar doctrines* of the gospel. These *peculiar doctrines* constitute that species of delusion, which passes, at present, under the common name of methodism; and have, in fact, no more to do with the gospel than they have with the koran or the sastrah. THE RELIGION WHICH CHRIST TAUGHT CONSISTS EXCLUSIVELY IN LOVING GOD WITH ALL OUR HEART, AND OUR NEIGHBOUR AS OURSELVES. Why Mr. Wrangham should wish us to bewilder the minds of the common people with those unprofitable, or rather pernicious absurdities, which he calls the *peculiar doctrines* of the gospel, but which are nothing more than the indefinite jargon of Wesley and of Whitfield, we cannot comprehend, unless, perhaps, Mr. W. is anxious to cultivate the good opinion of Mr. Wilberforce, the tutelary saint of the methodists, whom, in his sermon, p. 22, he panegyricizes as "an impassioned and admirable writer." By the bye, we must again protest\* against making any persons whatever, whether they be lay

\* See C. for October 1807.

or ecclesiastic, senators or divines, the objects of eulogy in the pulpit. The praises which are said or sung in the church ought to be *exclusively confined to the GOD AND FATHER OF ALL*; and there appears to be no small degree of indecency and even of impiety, in making a religious discourse a vehicle for vulgar adulation. From some of Mr. Wrangham's theological tenets we totally dissent, but in his political opinions we cordially agree. These Mr. Wrangham imbibed in the school of Milton and of Locke; but while he derives his politics from such luminaries of reason, we are grieved to behold him borrowing his theology from such sources of darkness as John Bunyan, Philip Doddridge, Samuel Westley, George Burder and William Wilberforce. They may have been or may be very good men; but in the paths of religious truth they are very devious and bewildering guides. In one of the notes which are subjoined to this discourse Mr. Wrangham appears to have experienced very illiberal and unhandsome usage from some leading members of the society for the promotion of Christian knowledge. These gentlemen among whom Dr. Gaskin, famed for his very *courteous and gentlemanly* behaviour to Lord Grenville, appears to be one, have been highly offended with Mr. W. for having as they state, represented the income of that society considerably below its annual amount. If Mr. Wrangham had committed this offence, it certainly could have proceeded only from innocent mistake, and deserved no severity of reprehension. But the fact is, that, in the notes to his last sermon Mr. W. published a very *correct statement* of the pecuniary resources of the above mentioned society; and the malevolent cavils to which he has been exposed originated in a *secret jealousy* which Dr. Gaskin and the no-popery junto, who sit in close conclave in Bartlett's buildings, had conceived of the British and Foreign Bible Society, established under the auspices of Lord Teignmouth, whose funds, though it has not been set on foot much more than four years, amount to a sum hardly inferior to those of the society of which the *meek and humble* Dr. Gaskin is the secretary. Hinc illæ lacrymæ. Hence the malevolent complaints and invidious suggestions which have been circulated against Mr. Wrangham; and, though we decidedly differ from his theological hypotheses, we have felt it our duty to notice and to reprobate the injurious misrepresentations which have been so widely diffused against him, by a society, which, professing to be instituted for the promotion of christian knowledge, ought to be ashamed of having in this instance suffered themselves to be governed more by the feeling of irritated pride and narrow-minded resentment than by the generous impulse of charity and truth.

ART. 17.—*The Way to Heaven delineated; or a Discourse upon the Plan of Salvation, which is exhibited in the Gospel through Jesus Christ.* By Samuel Moore. Stamford, Drakard. 2s. London, Williams. 1807.

THIS performance is dedicated to Miss S.—a lady of whom we know nothing; but from the compliments which are paid to her by



Mr. Moore, we conjecture that she is mightily taken with his *evangelical* rhapsodies. The following will afford a specimen of the *evangelical* complimentary style, when one of the *fair saints* is addressed.—‘At your desire I commit it’ (this marvellous production) ‘to public view, and dedicate it to whom it is justly due; for should it not be gratefully rewarded by the public, yet I know it will be by you; for your soul’s delight is in this way; you are well acquainted with the safeness and pleasantness hereof; and though young in years, I trust you are old in grace, having from your childhood known what it is to be with Jesus.’—We do not exactly comprehend what Mr. Moore means when he tells the object of his admiration that ‘she knows what it is to be with Jesus;’ but we suppose that this lady is a constant attendant at Mr. Moore’s meeting, without which he does not seem to think that any persons of either sex can be with Jesus! ‘Alas!’ says Mr. Moore, ‘amidst the numbers of those, who profess the christian religion, how few are there *experimentally* acquainted with him, who is the sum and substance thereof; even Jesus Christ.—Yea, I say, how few are there who feel,’ &c. &c.—These phrases of *experimentally knowing Christ, feeling him, being with him, being in him*, and numerous others of equally indefinite import, are sounds which work such wonders among the proselytes of Methodism. When the sensations are agitated by the fumes of enthusiasm, nothing in the shape of common sense can obtain admission to the mind; and hence the *evangelical* brawlers make a good pennyworth of their obscure and mystic jargon; and find that it is more relished in proportion as it is less understood. This is a great saving of brains to the preacher, who has only to fill his mouth with a volume of unmeaning and inexplicable sounds, and a host of fools will soon appear to cry him up as a *fine man in the pulpit*; and to squeeze one another black and blue in order to get a peep at his puritanical face. At p. 19, we find this burst of *evangelical* declamation. The preacher is giving his hearers an account of the crucifixion, when he exclaims, ‘oh let us stop for a few moments and meditate upon this awful tragedy! for behold the *creator of heaven and earth is hung up between both* as though he were not worthy of either!’ All this may seem profoundly devout to the author and his admirers, but to us it appears a mixture of blasphemy and folly. What should we think of the *sanity* of that individual who should assert that the maker of heaven and earth was committed to Newgate by a warrant from the Lord Mayor and there put to death by the new drop? Yet the language quoted above is equally impious and ridiculous.

ART. 18.—*The Right and Duty of a faithful and fearless Examination of the Scriptures; asserted in a Sermon preached at the Calvinist-Baptist Chapel, George Street, Hull, on the Resignation of the Pastoral Office in that Place, occasioned by the Author’s embracing the Unitarian Doctrine. By James Lyons. Harlow. B. Flower. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Eaton. 1808.*

WE announce this sermon as the harbinger of great religious good

and as the forerunner of a glorious change that will slowly and gradually but very certainly be accomplished in the minds of those who are now oppressed with a heavy load of the most mischievous superstition. We rejoice with joy unfeigned and *full of hope*, to behold such a consolatory ray of rational light breaking forth from the darkness of methodism.—Mr. Lyons was once a believer in all the absurdities of calvinism; but he searched the scriptures and he found that they contained none of what the Evangelical fraternity call the *peculiar doctrines* of the gospel.—He found the religion of Jesus a more rational system than the prejudices of education, and the sectaries, with whom he chiefly conversed, had taught him to believe; and he determined, like a good Christian, and an honest man, openly to renounce the errors which he had early embraced and hitherto maintained.—Such an act required no common fortitude and no moderate integrity to perform. For there is much less tolerance among the different corps of methodists than there is in the establishment. In frankly avowing the opinions which he had deliberately and conscientiously embraced Mr. Lyons well knew that he should instantly incur the bitter hate and the virulent reproach of most of those among whom he had hitherto lived in habits of intimacy and esteem; that he should have to relinquish the emoluments of his situation, and be left to seek new friends and connections where they might happen to be found. This was one of those trying predicaments which shew the materials of which a man's conscience is composed; in which the performance of duty is accompanied with strong physical renitency. In this conflict between reason and sensation, between the suggestions of interest and the voice of conscience, Mr. Lyons very resolutely, and very righteously adhered to that side, which *will bring a man peace at the last*.—We hail the part which he has taken as honourable to himself; and, what is more important, likely to be highly beneficial to the cause of religious truth.—We do not think that we should do justice to Mr. Lyons, if we did not suffer him to state in his own words the gradual operation by which his intellect emerged from the darkness of heathen\* superstition to the light of christian truth.—

'When,' says Mr. Lyons, addressing himself for the last time to his Calvinic auditors, 'I became the pastor of this church, I was conscientiously a believer in the doctrine of the *Trinity*, and in those other doctrines which are connected with it as they are generally held by moderate Calvinists: yet, at that period, I objected to the usual phraseology of *three persons in one God*, as unscriptural and apparently contradictory. Having mentioned my difficulties on this subject to the late Rev. Mr. Beatson, he informed me that he had long considered the use of the term *person*, in relation to the Trinity, as exceedingly

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\* The doctrines of a *triple God*, a *God-man* an *incarnate deity*, &c. &c. are all of heathen origin.

exceptionable; and that his method of stating that doctrine was, that there were three *distinctions* in the divine essence, called *Father, Son, and Holy Spirit*. This appeared to me to be preferable to the common mode of expression on this subject, and therefore I adopted it, in the confession of faith, which I delivered previous to my ordination. With this definition I satisfied myself for several years, considering it as a profound mystery, which was to be believed, though it could not possibly be understood. In consequence of conversations, which at different times I had with several of the members of the society, some of whom are now hearing me, doubts were suggested to my mind, respecting the equality of Christ with the Father; but being strongly prejudiced against unitarians and fearing to examine their writings, I conceived it to be my duty to read principally on one side of the question; and by this partial proceeding, I was enabled for a time, considerably to quiet my mind, and to silence the suggestions of reason, though not completely to remove my difficulties. Finding, however, many passages of scripture, which I knew not how to explain, on the Trinitarian hypothesis, I became more diffident respecting the incomprehensible articles of my creed, more fearful of discussing them in public, and less disposed to censure or condemn those who could not believe them. In this state of mind I continued till about two years since, when the writings of the Rev. Mr. Wright of Wisbeach began to be considerably circulated in this town and neighbourhood. Hearing that the minds of some young persons, belonging to this congregation, were likely to be shaken by his manner of reasoning, I procured several of his books, for the purpose of examining his sentiments, that if possible, I might counteract their influence: but I soon found, that I was unable to resist his plain and powerful appeals both to reason and the sacred scriptures. I now resolved, through divine assistance, impartially to examine every part of the Trinitarian controversy, keeping my mind open to conviction, and following the truth, wherever it should lead. For this purpose I procured and read such human compositions as I could have access to, and which are generally supposed to contain the strength of the argument, on both sides of the question. But though I acknowledge myself greatly indebted to the writings of Dr. Priestly, Mr. Lindsey, Mr. Belsham, Dr. Toulmin, and others, it was only by a diligent and careful examination of the scriptures, that I was led to embrace my present views of religious truth. The New Testament especially, I read over several times, examining with as much attention as I was capable of, every passage that could possibly be supposed to have any relation to this controversy: and I do now most solemnly declare, that the result of these inquiries is a perfect conviction, that the doctrines of a Trinity of persons in the Godhead, of the equality of Jesus Christ with the father, and of a vicarious sacrifice by his death, for the sins of men, are not contained in the scriptures; but are gross corruptions of christianity.

## POLITICS.

ART. 19.—*A Statement of the Numbers, the Duties, the Families, and the Livings of the Clergy of Scotland. Drawn up in 1807, by the Rev. William Singers, Minister at Kirkpatrick-Juxta. 8vo. John Park, opposite the Exchange. 1808.*

THIS pamphlet contains a large stock of information respecting the state of the Scotch clergy, and Mr. Singers has made out a very strong, and we think irrefragable case, in favour of the claim which the ministers of the kirk may urge to an increase of their present stipends.

‘The duties of the Scottish clergy are numerous and laborious. They officiate regularly in the public worship of God; and, in general, they must go through this duty twice every Sunday, (exclusive of other occasional appearances,) delivering every Sunday a *lecture* and a *sermon*, with *prayers*. It is also expected, throughout Scotland, that the prayers and discourses shall be of the minister’s own composition; and the prayers in all cases, and the discourses in most instances, are delivered without the use of papers. It may therefore be conceived, that the labour of study and preparation cannot be little. But the clergy have also many other duties to perform.

‘They have to *dispense the sacraments* of baptism, and of the Lord’s supper to their parishioners.

‘They are expected to perform the alternate duties of *examining* their people, from the Scriptures, and catechisms of the church; and of *visiting* them from house to house, with prayers and exhortations. This is done commonly once in the year; being omitted only in those cases wherein the ministers deem it impracticable, or not acceptable, or at least not necessary.

‘In the *discipline* of the church, the clergy of Scotland have to preside, and to officiate.

‘They are frequently employed in *visiting the sick*; and on such occasions they generally pray with them, and endeavour to instruct them, and to comfort them.

‘A parish clergyman, in Scotland, is the moderator of the session which is the lowest ecclesiastical court; and he appears in the respective meetings of the presbytery, and of the synod, which are the successive courts of review. He is also elected, in his turn, to the General Assembly, which is the supreme ecclesiastical court in Scotland. If he fail in attendance, he is liable to censure; and he attends all these courts at his own charges.

‘The Scottish clergy are very properly expected to exert themselves, and they do in fact often employ their counsels and authority, in order to depress and discourage vice, and to compose dissensions among their flocks.

'The charge of the poor devolves, in a very particular manner, on this order of men. The poor are supported without regular assessments, or poor's rates, in more than six hundred of the parishes in Scotland; and it cannot, and certainly will not be denied, that landholders are much indebted for this exemption, to the zeal, attention, impartial conduct, and even to the personal example and liberality of the clergy.

'In all cases of great importance and public emergency, the Scottish clergy are in the habits of giving proper advice to their people; and these counsels, when recommended and enforced by good example, have often been attended with very happy effects, in behalf of religion and morality. In this path of duty, the public will be able to recollect their uniform zeal and perseverance, from the Revolution to the present time; and many can also attest how successful their efforts have been in the cause of their country.

'The superintendence of all schools within their bounds, is vested in the ministers of this Church; and the discharge of this duty is of great importance to the public, and attended with considerable pains and trouble on the part of the clergy.'

Such is the accumulation of duties which this truly virtuous and respectable body of men have to perform, and for the performance of which they do not on an average receive a stipend of 150*l.* a year! This stipend from being generally payable in a depreciating medium, may undergo a still further diminution, unless the legislature interfere and augment the income of the clergy in something like an equitable ratio to the advance of all the necessities of life. From those perverse associations which will often exert their influence even over a rational mind, pecuniary distress and personal respectability are difficult to be reconciled; but in the minds of the vulgar the idea of indigence is usually coupled with contempt. We are far from wishing to see the ministers of the kirk of Scotland or of the church of England dazzling the eye with their splendour, or offending the moral sense by their luxury; but we are sincerely anxious that they should be raised above the pressure of poverty and want. We must refer our readers to the 'Statement' itself for a detail of the plan by which Mr. Singer proposes to alleviate the present exigencies of the Kirk, and to raise a reasonable provision for the ministers.

ART. 20.—*An Examination of the Causes which led to the late Expedition against Copenhagen.* By an Observer. 8vo. pp. 47. Hatchard. 1808.

IT is bare justice to acknowledge that the desperate thesis of our attack on Denmark is maintained by this author with more ingenuity and plausibility than either in the declaration of our government or in the parliamentary harangues of its supporters. Still it is a very heavy pamphlet, and in our opinion, falls very short of justifying or palliating the measure. A doubtful expediency is stated as an excuse for that which nothing but overruling necessity can ren-



der defensible, while weak probabilities and ungenerous surmises are substituted for plain facts and convincing evidence. And the author dwells on that fallacious hypothesis, which has in all ages been a cloak for the impotent violence of feeble minds, viz. that there was no medium between excessive outrage and an absolute surrender of all the rights and interests, which it was our duty to have preserved. He seems indeed to have wrought himself up to an uncommon degree of alarm, as to the probable dangers of the country, in the event of the Danish ships falling into the hands of Bonaparte, and piously attributes the vigor of our rulers to the immediate inspiration of heaven itself. 'Never perhaps did war present to this country so fearful a combination of dangers: never did the interposition of a divine power seem so necessary, in an instance where the common precautions of human foresight and defence hardly gave hopes of safety,' p. 38. He then expresses a great deal of indignation against the Crown Prince for daring even to think of protecting the capital of his country, and concludes with an angry philippic against Denmark, for her conduct towards Hamburg. From this mode of treating the subject we deduce the following propositions: 1. That this nation is so highly favoured by Heaven, that all the common principles of justice and humanity are at once abrogated, when they clash with what we suppose to be our interests; 2. That all resistance to our treachery or violence is to be charged not upon us, who make that resistance necessary, but upon those who resist: and 3. That we may consider ourselves as bloody instruments in the hands of Heaven, to chastise and avenge all the misdeeds of less powerful nations, whenever the punishment can be so inflicted as to promote our own views of political advantage. Both the logic and the theology are worthy of the cause which they are employed to sanctify,

## POETRY.

ART. 21.—*The Battle of Trafalgar, a Poem. To which is added a Selection of Fugitive Pieces, chiefly written at Sea. By Lawrence Halloran, D. D. late Chaplain of the Britannia, &c. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Faulder. 1806.*

THAT an event so distinguished as the battle of Trafalgar should call forth a vast number of poets to sing it, is not very extraordinary, but either our critical eyes are dim, or no poem has yet been published the duration of whose fame will bear any proportion with that of the exploit which, while it added to her glory, deprived this country of the best and bravest of her admirals.

Dr. Halloran, whose sermon on the death of Lord Nelson we had occasion to notice (in our 10th vol. p. 434) was present at the battle of Trafalgar in the quality of chaplain to the Britannia commanded by the earl of Northesk, and has here undertaken to tell his readers in verse what he saw on that day which 'flam'd amaze-

ment and destruction on the enemies of Great Britain. He informs us that his work has been 'honoured by the most flattering approbation' of lords Collingwood and Northesk; but as these noble admirals did not pass an examination in poetry, as the statesmen of Lilliput are said to have done in tumbling and rope-dancing, we shall not hesitate to resist their authority and oppose their decision. In spite of their praises we cannot commend this poem, which though it contains many excellent lines, has also others that could not have been written, we should have thought, by the same hand. Some 'fugitive pieces' are added to 'the Battle of Trafalgar.' They are certainly not above mediocrity.

If we are to judge from the writings of Dr. Halloran he is of an amiable disposition, and has laboured under great affliction. As a man he is therefore entitled to our respect, but as a poet he cannot receive our commendation.

ART. 22.—*May-day Eve; or the Royal Chaplet, humbly inscribed to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.* 1s. 6d. Wallis. 1808.

THIS possesses no claim to recommendation either on the score of instruction or amusement. It is not even worthy a place in a baby's library.

ART. 23.—*A Moral Poetical Epistle, addressed to Welma, on expressing to a Friend her Determination to retire to a Convent.* By the late Editor of the *Eye of Reason.* 8vo, 1s. Kemmish. 1808.

ON a late occasion we commended the editor of the *Eye of Reason*, as a vigorous and nervous writer of prose; we cannot, however, congratulate him on his success in poetry.

## NOVELS.

ART. 24.—*The Hungarian Brothers.* By Miss Anna Maria Porter. 3 vols. 12mo. 13s. 6d. Longman and Co. 1807.

The profligate extravagance of Udislaus, count of Leopoldstat had almost reduced his noble house to beggary. For the sake of an adulterous connection, he deserted his wife, in circumstances of great distress and died, separated and estranged from her, leaving her the anxious duty of educating their two sons. Charles, the eldest, went early into the Austrian service, where his bravery established a high reputation, and his misfortunes tutored his mind to fortitude, patience, and self command. His brother Demetrius, who was five years younger, was introduced by him into the same honorable walk of life, but was kept ignorant of their depressed circum-

stances, by the extreme delicacy of Charles, who maintained him out of his own savings, from a dread of crushing the enjoyments of his youth. Unchecked, therefore, in the indulgence of his feelings and undisciplined by 'the uses of adversity,' he gives the reins to a romantic temper, a lively genius and exquisite sensibility. The interest of the novel results from this contrast of character, which is well preserved throughout; but we remember too well 'the bliss of ignorance' in regard to the termination of such stories, to lay any particulars before our readers, or give them the least hint towards discovering whether the conclusion is fortunate or otherwise. Suffice it to say that the incidents are striking, though not always very probable, and many of the characters finely drawn. The two brothers are models of that chivalrous heroism, with which Miss Porter has on other occasions proved herself to be intimately acquainted. An apology is we think unnecessarily made for some of the *dramatis personæ*, in the preface; while the only one among them which is perfectly out of nature, and inconsistent with itself is passed over in silence. We mean Colonel Wurtzburgh, whose persevering hatred is utterly disproportioned to its motive, and whose series of subtle manoeuvres is incompatible with the gross awkwardness and stupidity of his character.

On the whole, we think the work inferior to 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' but not unworthy of its author.

ART. 25.—*Christina, or Memoirs of a German Princess. By the Author of Caroline of Litchfield, in 2 vols. 12mo. Colburn. 1808.*

SOME years have elapsed since Caroline of Litchfield made her appearance in the world; it has generally been considered an interesting and entertaining work; and the author acquired no inconsiderable portion of public approbation. Age, however, has diminished the power of pleasing, as the readers of Christina will very easily discover.

## MEDICINE

ART. 26.—*Remarks on the Purulent Ophthalmia, which has been lately Epidemical in this Country. By James Ware, Surgeon, F.R.S. 8vo. Mawman. 1808.*

MR. Ware has given the name of purulent ophthalmia, to the disease whose destructive prevalence among the troops, under the title of Egyptian ophthalmia, has excited so much alarm. Its ravages have been so widely extended, and its consequences in numerous cases are so deplorable that the public will receive with pleasure the sentiments of this judicious and very experienced oculist. It is distinguished from the ordinary cases of ophthalmia by a great tumefaction of the tunica conjunctiva, the projection of which causes the cornea to appear depressed and sunk in the globe, and a profuse discharge of

a purulent-coloured fluid; in many cases the cornea becomes opaque, and, if the violence of the inflammation continues, it ulcerates and ruptures, so that if the pupil is involved in the mischief, future vision is either impaired or destroyed.

'The resemblance,' says the author, 'which it bears to that species of ophthalmia, which in many instances has either accompanied, or followed the common gonorrhoea, strongly impresses my mind with the idea, that the two disorders bear a close reference one to the other.' He adds a little further on, 'I am aware that it has sometimes occurred, and in the most violent degree, when no such circumstance could be suspected; but in the far greater number of adults whom I have seen affected by it, if the disorder had not been produced by the application of morbid matter from a diseased eye, I have been able to trace a connection between the ophthalmia and some degree of morbid affection of the urinary canal.' This suggestion merits doubtless the greatest attention; but still, if we reflect on the fact acknowledged by Mr. Ware himself, that such a disease was imported by the troops who returned from the Egyptian expedition (both English and French) and that its wide diffusion is to be dated from that period, we cannot but regard this idea as a suspicion, resting as yet upon very slight proofs. Mere resemblance of symptoms often exists more in the fancy of the observer than in the reality of things; and it is certainly possible, from the licentious habits of a debauched soldiery, that the affections, to which Mr. Ware alludes, may have been transferred from the eye to the urethra, as well as from the urethra to the eye. But as the infectious nature of the disease is put beyond all question, the necessity of rigidly enforcing every measure to prevent the spreading of the contagion is obvious. The precaution, recommended first, we believe, by Mr. Ware, that the towels and hand basons used by the diseased, should be employed by no others before they have been thoroughly cleansed, is probably the most necessary and effectual of any regulation that can be devised. To persons in a certain rank of life such a precaution may appear needless; but in boarding-schools, and in barracks still more, it has been frequently violated.

In the treatment of this alarming malady Mr. Ware has found that local evacuations, as by leeches or scarifications, are unable by themselves to arrest the progress of the inflammation. Large and repeated bleedings from the arm are frequently necessary; a practice for the recommendation of which the public is indebted to Mr. Peach, surgeon of the 2d battalion of the 22d regiment, and to Dr. Vetch, assistant surgeon of the 54th regiment. The quantities of blood they took were very large, amounting to thirty, and forty or even sixty ounces. But in private practice Mr. Ware has not found it necessary to carry the system of depletion to such an extent. The other modes of practice are such as are common in the more ordinary species of ophthalmia, and we must therefore refer the reader for them to the tract itself.

On the subject of local applications Mr. Ware does not wholly

coincide with Mr. Peach and Dr. Vetch. The first of these gentlemen appears to place no confidence in any; and the second has spoken in terms so general, that a practitioner will be unable to determine which application he ought to prefer. Mr. Ware gives a decided preference to the aqua camphorata of Bates's dispensatory; but he directs it to be diluted with three parts of water, so that each ounce measure will contain exactly a grain of cuprum vitriolatum. He directs it to be injected under the palpebræ by the use of a small blunt-pointed syringe; and would have this process repeated very frequently, as once every hour, or even oftener.

Another direction Mr. Ware considers as of much importance, when appearances indicate a rupture of the cornea to be inevitable: it is to make a wound in the cornea sufficiently large to discharge the aqueous humour, and in such a part, that the transmission of light through the pupil may not be afterwards interrupted by the scar which the incision may leave. Mr. Ware acknowledges himself to be indebted to Mr. James Wardrop for this proposal; though the cases in which Mr. Wardrop used it were not of that particular kind in which Mr. Ware thinks it most necessary.

There are several other useful observations in this little treatise which does equal honour to the candour of the author and his zeal for the public good. It certainly stands not in need of our recommendation to meet with that reception from the public to which every thing from the pen of Mr. Ware is justly entitled.

ART. 27.—*Practical Observations on the Radix Rhatania, or Rhatany Root, a Production of Peru; containing an Account of its sensible Qualities; its Powers as a Tonic or Stomach Medicine; the various Forms in which it may be employed, and the most respectable Testimonies in its Favour as superior to the Peruvian Bark in all Cases that require the Use of a strengthening Medicine. To which are added, Directions for the Use of the Phosphate and Oxyphosphate of Iron in Cancer, &c. By Richard Reece, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London; Author of the Medical and Surgical Dispensatory for the Use of Hospitals, &c. 2s. 8vo. Longman. 1808.*

THIS root, though new in England, has long made a branch of Spanish commerce. The plant of which it is the root is not with certainty known; it resembles in external appearance the rubia tinctorum, and it is said to be habitually purchased by the Portuguese merchants to improve the colour, astringency, and richness of red port wine. Its sensible qualities are a powerful and grateful astringency. And it is at the same time slightly aromatic and bitter. These properties it imparts both to water and to proof-spirit. Its tinctures are of a fine rich red appearance, and that made with brandy approaches very nearly to the flavour of port wine.

These sensible properties authorised the ingenious and intelligent writer of these observations to expect from it a powerful tonic me-



dicine. It is more agreeable to the palate than the Peruvian bark. Dr. Reece has found it to possess a strong febrifuge power; but we conceive it will require stronger evidence and a more extensive experience to establish its superiority in this respect to the Peruvian Bark. Arguments drawn from analogy, or the consideration of obvious and sensible qualities merely, afford but a fallacious ground of reasoning. But we have little doubt from the testimony of Dr. Reece and of several of his respectable correspondents, that the rhatany root is a powerful and pleasant stomachic; and we think the profession is under considerable obligations to the author for calling their attention to it.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**ART. 28.**—*Collectanea Oratoria; or the Academic Orator, consisting of a Diversity of Oratorical Selections appertaining to every Class of Public Orations, appositely arranged and calculated for the Use of Schools and Academies, to which is prefixed a Dissertation on oratorical Pronunciation or Action, mostly abstracted from Professor Ward's System of Oratory. By J. H. Rice. 8vo. 5s. Longman. 1808.*

**CHARTA peritura!** Mr. Rice, like Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant has two consciences, a religious and a political one.

**ART. 29.**—*Introduction au Lecteur François, ou recueil de Pièces Choiesies; avec l'Explication des Idiotismes, et des Phrases difficiles qui s'y trouvent—Par Lindley Murray. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Longman. 1807.*

‘THE compiler of the “Lecteur François,” having been frequently solicited to publish a work which might serve as an introduction to that performance, and be calculated for the use of persons who are beginning to learn the French language, has produced this little volume; which is composed of extracts from French writers of reputation, who are distinguished by the propriety and usefulness of their sentiments, the lively and interesting nature of the subjects on which they treat, and by the simplicity, correctness, and perspicuity of their style and composition.’ We shall do no more than justice to Mr. Murray if we say that his book will be found in every respect suited to persons who are entering on the study of that language, and particularly adapted to the taste and understanding of young persons.

**ART. 30.**—*The Poll for Knights of the Shire, begun on Wednesday May 20th, and finally closed on Friday, June 5th, 1807,—taken at the Castle of York, before Richard Fountayne Wilson, Esq. High Sheriff of the said County; Candidates, W. Wilberforce, Esq., the Right Hon. C. W. Wentworth Fitzwilliam, commonly*

called *Viscount Milton, and the Hon. Henry Lascelles. Arranged from the Sheriff's Poll Books, under the Direction and Inspection of the Under Sheriff.* 8vo. 10s. 6d. Mawman. 1807.

AN accurate and exceedingly useful work for future candidates, who may be ambitious of representing the county of York in the imperial-parliament.

ART. 31.—*Questiones Græcæ, or Questions adapted to the Eton Greek Grammar. By the Rev. John Simpson, Baldock, Herts.* 12mo. Law. 1807.

NOTWITHSTANDING the more near approach to maturity in a boy sufficiently advanced to take up his Greek grammar, it must be admitted that considerable impediments are presented to the understanding from its being generally, and in our best schools universally taught in the Latin tongue. To remedy whatever may be defective in this plan, recourse must always be had to oral explanation, to which must be added, some mode of examination. The plan adopted by Mr. Simpson is the same as that used by Morgan in his *Questions to the Eton Latin Grammar*, and will be found very useful to stupid schoolmasters, who do not know how to examine their pupils without the assistance of such an auxiliary.

ART. 32.—*Commercial Arithmetic, or the British Youth's Companion, written with the Design of facilitating the Progress of those who are intended for Trade and Commerce. By W. Buttermann, Author of the Arithmetical, Commercial, and Mathematical Exercises, Dialogues, &c.* 12mo. Law. 1806.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many systems of arithmetic, which have of late issued from the press, the author of the present performance has with considerable success attempted to explain the principles of numbers, and to simplify and adapt them to the capacity of youth.

In this populous country, where so large a proportion of its inhabitants are engaged in the pursuit of trade and commerce, and consequently seldom think of a classical education, that mode of instruction must undoubtedly be the best, which conveys to the pupil such information as he is most likely to find useful in the succeeding periods of life. This being admitted, arithmetic claims a considerable degree of attention, not only as assisting the trading and commercial part of this kingdom in their daily transactions, but as being the foundation of the most sublime and noble studies.

ART. 33.—*An Arithmetical Dialogue between a Master and His Pupil, wherein is contained an easy Introduction to Trade and Commerce, or a plain, familiar, and comprehensive Method of conveying Arithmetical Instruction to Juvenile Minds. By W. Buttermann.* 12mo. Longman. 1805.

WE notice this work, not so much for its utility as to inform its author that it does not accord with our plan to review books of three years old.

ART. 34.—*Farmer George to Peter Pindar, an expostulatory Letter on a late Crim. Con: Trial, containing most salutary Hints, not only to the aged Gallant, but to princely and noble Amateurs of Boxing and Bull baiting—Venal Critics—Virtuoso Grubs—Book-makers—Fire-side Travellers—Modern Dramatists—Mr. J. K—ble—Actresses, &c.* 8vo. Oddy. 1807.

FARMER George pays off old scores with Peter, on the late occasion of his instructing Mrs. Knight in the character of Euphrasia in the Grecian daughter, and in the same counterfeit coin of poetry as Dr. Walcot generally issues from his own mint.

ART. 35.—*The Student and Pastor, or Directions how to attain to Eminence and Usefulness in those respective Characters; to which are added, a Letter to a Friend, upon his Entrance on the Ministerial Office, and an Essay on Elocution, and on Pronunciation. By John Mason, M.A. Author of a Treatise on Self-knowledge. New Edition, with Additions, and an Essay on Catechising. By Joshua Toulmin, D.D.* 12mo. Symonds. 1807.

SOME of these directions may be read with advantage.

ART. 36.—*A Narrative of the Operations of a small British Force, under the Command of Brigadier-General Sir S. Achmuty, employed in the Reduction of Monte Video on the River Plate, A.D. 1807. By a Field Officer on the Staff; illustrated with a Plan of the Operations.* 4to. Stockdale. 1807.

THE author has been induced to publish this narrative for the gratification of the friends of those gallant and excellent officers, who served during the splendid though short campaign, which it commemorates. As far as we have been able to learn its accuracy may be depended upon.

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*List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.*

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| Malcolm's Anecdotes of London, during the eighteenth century. | Selwin's Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius.    |
| Burnet's Specimens of English prose writers.                  | Meiner's History of the Female Sex               |
| Wilkinson's Description of Mount Caucasus.                    | Strutt's Test of Guilt.                          |
| Inquiry into the Causes of Constitutional Alienation.         | Pozzio Bracciolini's Dialogue on Marriage.       |
| Hoare's Giralduus Cambrensis, continued.                      | Drury's Account of his Adventures at Madagascar. |
|   | Birch's Memoir on National Defence.              |